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## INTRODUCTION.

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### THE LITERATURE OF THE STORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE original sources for the biography of Julius Cæsar are, of course, classical. Of these, so far as regards the present drama, the most valuable, and that which, therefore, deserves to be first mentioned, is that remarkable series of (forty-six) memoirs of 'distinguished Greeks and Romans,' arranged in companion pairs, entitled 'Parallel Lives' (*Βίοι παράλληλοι*), composed by the Greek rhetorician, Plutarch, the only writer of antiquity who has earned a lasting reputation as a biographer. Plutarch was a native of Chæronea, a small city in Bœotia, born about 50 A.D., who taught rhetoric by lectures delivered in the Greek language at Rome, where he flourished during the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Trajan; and wrote his *Lives*, in honourable retirement in the city of his birth, during the decline of his long and intellectual life. His great work is remarkable for the poetic delineation and the dramatic vividness of the characters he portrays. The reason of this, as he himself states it, is: 'I do not write histories, but lives; nor do the most conspicuous acts of necessity exhibit a man's virtue or his vice, but oftentimes some slight circumstance, a word or a jest, shows a man's character better than battles with the slaughter of tens of thousands, and the greatest arrays of armies and sieges of cities. Now, as painters produce a likeness by a representation of the countenance and of the expression of the eyes, without troubling about the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to look rather into the signs of a man's character, and thus give a portrait of his life, leaving others to describe great events and battles.' On this account, Plutarch has always been popular, charming his readers into love for his writings. Literary historians tell us that Plutarch's *Lives* were translated into modern Greek in the fourteenth century. The earliest Latin version of them appeared at Rome, in two folio volumes, about 1470.

The first Greek edition was printed by Philip Giunta, in folio, at Florence in 1517. In 1559 Jacques Amyot issued the first French translation, and it forms one of the earliest books in which an attractive prose style was exhibited in France. This work exercised an immense influence on Montaigne, and what is still more important for our present purpose, it stirred [Sir] Thomas North to translate the fine work of the famous Greek biographer. His version appeared in 1579-80, when Shakespeare was fifteen, and other editions of dates 1595, 1603, 1612, 1631, 1656, and 1676, prove that it was an acceptable addition to English letters. It bore as its title 'The Lives of the noble Greecians and Romans, compared together by that grave, learned philosopher and historiographer, Plutarke of Chæronea. Translated out of Greeke into French by James Amyot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the king's privy counsel, and great Amner of Fraunce, and out of French into English by Thomas North.' To North's *Plutarch*, in the main we owe—as R. C. Trench, D.D., remarks—Shakespeare's 'three great Roman plays, reproducing the ancient world as no other modern poetry has ever done—I refer to *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. . . . His *Julius Cæsar* will abundantly bear out what I have just affirmed—a play dramatically and poetically standing so high that it only just falls short of that supreme rank which *Lear* and *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, claim for themselves, without rival or competitor even from among the creations of the same poet's brains. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the whole [plot of the] play . . . is to be found in *Plutarch*. Shakespeare has indeed thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incidents there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North.'\*

Caius Suetonius Tranquillus, who flourished in Plutarch's old age, collected a large amount of curious, minute, piquant, solid, and valuable material regarding the Cæsars, and narrates his histories of them in a precise, plain, blunt, lively, and forcible manner, giving his details drily, circumstantially, and impartially. His *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*, from 'the mightiest Julius'—whose biography he commences by relating the events of his sixteenth year—to Domitian, inclusive, was first printed in 1470. The *History of the Twelve Cæsars*

\* *Plutarch*: Five Lectures by R. C. Trench, D.D., 2d edition, 1874, pp. 65, 66.

was translated into English by Philemon Holland, the 'translator-general of the age,' in 1606.

Appianus of Alexandria, who is the author of a *Roman History* (Ῥωμαϊκὴ ἱστορία) in twenty-four books, written in a clear, simple, easy style—of which only portions, however, have come down to us—also supplies particulars of Cæsar's life. An English translation of this 'aunciente historie,' by W. B., was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1577, and published in quarto by Raufe Newberry and Henrie Bynneman in 1579. Dion Cassius Cocceianus wrote a history of Rome in Greek, giving only a brief *résumé* of events up till the time of Julius Cæsar, but from that time onwards the narrative is more extended. Books 37 to 54, which are nearly entire, contain a pretty full history of the period between 65-10 B.C., and supply valuable materials for the biography of Cæsar. The second book of the *Historia Romana* of Velleius Paterculus, a work which professes only to be an epitome of its subject, but which serves in part as a substitute for the lost books of Livy, communicates in a fluent and clear manner a considerable amount of information on the civil wars, the partisan contentions in Rome, and the life of the dictator. From the *Letters* and *Orations* of Cicero several specific items have been culled, and by the critical collection and interpretation of these original sources (with a few scraps gathered from other authors, such as the poems of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, etc., and the table of contents of some of the lost books of Livy's *History*), a pretty complete life of Cæsar, and a very good estimate of his career and character, have been formed. There is extant a *Life of Julius Cæsar*, ascribed to Julius Celsus of Constantinople, in the sixth century; but this, as has been shown by C. E. Charles Schneider, in his *Petrarchæ Historia Julii Cæsaris, Lipsiæ*, 1827, may pretty certainly be ascribed to the pen of the Restorer of Letters in Italy, the author of *Vitarum Virorum illustrium Epitome*, 1527, whose Ciceronianism is as well known as his sonnets and canzoni. This production seems to have first given form to the biography of Cæsar, as it is known to the modern world, and upon it, in a great measure, those memoirs of Rome's chief military genius, which appeared in the earlier eras of printing, are modelled. Probably through this work of Petrarch's, and Chaucer's friendship with its author, the life of Cæsar became a subject of literary interest in the land over which he exerted a conqueror's force, and in whose literature his fame and fate have had added unto them—

'The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.'

Dan John Lydgate issued from the press of Richard Pynson, in 1496, *The Boke of John Bocas* (*Giovanni Boccaccio*), *Descrying the Fall of Princes, Princesses, and other Nobles*, a metrical version of the best Latin prose work of the author of the *Decameron*, entitled *De Casibus virorum (et feminarum) illustrium*, from the French translation made of it by Laurent de Premierfait. This work became a powerful influence in the English literature of after-times. On it, a famous collection of poems, which 'illuminates with no common lustre that interval of darkness which occupies the annals of English poetry from Surrey to Spenser, was modelled.' *The Mirror of Magistrates*, wherein may be seen, by example of others, with how grievous plagues vices are punished, and how frail and unstable worldly prosperitie is found, even of those whom fortune seemeth most highly to favour, was a widely popular book, and went through many editions. In the edition of 1587, John Higgins introduced *Cæsar's Legend* showing 'how Caius Julius Cæsar, which first made this realme tributarie to the Romans, was slayne in the Senate House'—founding upon Bocas, and imitating, while acknowledging, the power of Lydgate's prior production. As bearing closely on the question of the possible literary sources from which Shakespeare drew the inspiration for his splendid tragedy, it may be both useful and interesting to quote a few stanzas. In doing so we use the 1815 edition (of 150 copies), issued by Joseph Hazlewood, where the following extract will be found, pp. 272-275:

- 41 'For when, in Rome, I was Dictator chose  
And Emperor or Captayne sole for aye,  
My glory did procure me secret foes,  
Because above the rest I bore the sway.  
For why? then could no *Consuls* chosen be,  
No *Prætor* take the place, no sentence have decree,  
Unless it likte me first and was approve by me.
- 42 'This they enviede who 'saed alofte to clim[b]e;  
As Cassius, who the *Prætorship* did crave, —I, ii.  
And Brutus eke, his friend who bare the crime  
Of my despatch; for they did first deprave  
My life, mine actes, and sought my blood to have,  
Full secretly among themselves conspирde, decreede  
To be attemptors of that cruel bloody deede  
When Cæsar, in the Senate House, from noble harte should bleede.

- 43 'But I forewarnèd was by Capis' tombe  
 His Epitaph my death did long before foreshow,  
 Cornelius Balbus sawe mine horses heedlesse runne  
 Without a guide, forsaking food for woe.  
 Spurrinna warn'd mee, that sooth of things doth knowe,—III, i.  
 A wrenne, in beak with laurell greene, that flew  
 From woods to Pompey's court, whomme birdes there slewe,  
 Foreshowde my doleful deathe, as all men after knew.
- 44 'The night before my slaughter I did dreame  
 I carrièd was, and flew the clouds above;  
 And sometimes, hand in hand, with Love supreme,  
 I walkte meethought, which might suspitions move;  
 My wife Calphurnia, Cæsar's only love, —II, ii.  
 Did dreame she sawe her crest of house to falle,  
 Her husband thruste through with a sword withal;  
 Eke, that same night her chamber doors themselves flew open alle.
- 45 'These thynges did make me doubt that morning much,  
 And I accrazèd was and thought at home to stay.  
 But who is he can voyde of Destyny such  
 Where so greate number seeks hope to betray?  
 The traytore Brutus bade me not delay, —II, iii.  
 Nor yet to frustrate these, so greate assembly sate,  
 On which to heare the publicke pleas I gate,  
 This hasting broughte mine ende and fatal fate.
- 46 'There met mee by the way a Romayne good,  
 Presenting mee a scrole of every name,  
 And all their whole devise, that sought my bloud  
 That presently would execute the same;  
 I heedlesse bare this scrole in my lefte hande, —III, i.  
 And others more, till leasure, left unscande,  
 Which in my pocket afterwards they fande.
- 47 'Spurrinna, as I came at sacrifices was  
 Near to the place where I was after slayne,  
 Of whose divinings I did little passe;  
 My hauf[gh]ty harte these warnings all disdayne.  
 Quoth I, "The Ides of March are come, yet harme is none,"  
 Quoth hee, "The Ides of March are come, but th'ar' not gone!"  
 And reckesle so, to court I went and tooke my throne.
- 48 'As soone as I was sate the traytores all arose,  
 And one approachèd neere as to demande something,  
 To whome as I layd eare, at once my foes  
 Mee compasst round, their weapons low they bring,  
 Then I too late perceivede their fatal sting;  
 "O this," quoth I, "is violence;" then Cassius perst my brest,  
 "And Brutus, thou, my sonne," whom erst I lovèd best,  
 Hee stabde mee in, and so, with daggers did the rest. —III, i.



- 49 'You, princes alle and noblemen, beware of pride,  
 And careful will to warre for kingdom's sake.  
 By mee, who set myself aloft the world to guide,  
 Beware what bloodshed ye do undertake.  
 Ere three and twenty wounds my heart had causede to quake,  
 What thousands fell for Pompey's pride and mine,  
 Of Pompey's life, that cut the fatal line,  
 Myself have told what fate I fand in fine.'

In the foregoing stanzas, as we have seen, the story of Julius Cæsar takes pretty nearly the form in which it appears in the tragedy, and hence, as Thomas Campbell observed, it 'possibly suggested to Shakespeare the idea of' this remarkable play, in which the English dramatist links his intellectual lineage with Lydgate, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, among the restorers of letters, and with Appian, Suetonius, Plutarch, Livy, and even with 'the commentaries Cæsar writ,' among the continuators of the literary vitality of the languages of Greece and Rome; so making us who read his fascinating pages, 'the heirs of all the ages' between those of the dictator of the ancient Roman world, and the golden days of England's Elizabeth.

#### THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT OF 'JULIUS CÆSAR.'

##### SECTION I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Shakespeare founded the play of *Julius Cæsar* principally on Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, and the *Lives of Brutus and Antonius*, by the same author. The first edition of [Sir] Thomas North's *Plutarch* was issued in 1579. The English in which this version is written is vigorous, easy, and well-chosen. As J. P. Collier has remarked, 'the value of the volume in relation to [the Roman plays of] Shakespeare cannot be over-estimated.' From it the dramatist drew not only the plot of this piece, but many phrases, characteristic expressions, and felicities of nervous and idiomatic diction. The first edition, which is now usually spoken of as *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, is a fine specimen of printing, 'by Thomas Vautroullier, dwelling in the Blackfriars, near Ludgate.' The extracts given below will show that Shakespeare has selected his incidents and materials with judicious skill, has followed his authority pretty closely, and organised the fragments chosen, with a fine perception of unity, and with a singular power of vital co-operation and effectiveness. As Dr Nathan

Drake has said, 'In the conduct and action of this drama, though pursuing closely the occurrences and characters as detailed by Plutarch, . . . there is a great display of ingenuity, and much [exercise of intellectual] mechanism in the concentration of the events, producing that integrity and unity which, without any modification of the truth of history, moulds a small portion of an immense chain of incidents into a perfect and satisfactory whole. The formation of the conspiracy, the death of the dictator, the harangue of Antony and its effects, the flight of Brutus and Cassius, their quarrel and reconciliation, and finally their noble stand for liberty against the sanguinary . . . triumvirate, are concatenated with the most happy art; and though, after the fall of Cæsar, nothing but the patriotic heroism of Brutus and Cassius is left to occupy the stage, the apprehensions and the interest which have been awakened in their fate, are sustained and even augmented to the last scene of the tragedy.'\*

'The play opens with the jealousy on the part of the tribunes, at the marks of favour shown by the populace to Cæsar; this, down to the smallest details, is from Plutarch; so, too, is that which follows, the repeated offering by Antony of a crown to Cæsar at the Lupercalia, with his reluctant refusal of it; this blended indeed into one, with an earlier tendering to him of special honours on the part of the senate; Cæsar's early suspicions in regard of "the lean and wrinkled Cassius," with his desire to have about him men fat and well-liking; the goading on of Brutus by Cassius, and the gradual drawing of him into the conspiracy, with the devices to this end; the deliberation whether Antony shall not share in Cæsar's doom, and the fatal false estimate of him which Brutus makes; so, too, whether Cicero shall be admitted to the plot, with the reasons for excluding him; the remonstrance of Portia that she is shut out from her husband's counsels, and the proof of courage which she gives; then, too, all the prodigies which precede the murder,—as the sacrifice without a heart; fires in the element; men walking about clothed in flame, and unscorched by it; the ill-omened bird sitting at noonday in the market-place; Calphurnia's warning dream, and Cæsar's consequent resolution not to go to the senate house; the talking of him over by Decius Brutus; the vain attempt of Artemidorus to warn him of his danger; the Ides of March; the misapprehension at the last moment that all has been discovered, with the hasty purpose of Cassius, only

\* *Shakespeare and his Times*, Vol. II, p. 492.

hindered by Brutus, to kill himself thereupon; the luring away of Antony from the senate house by Trebonius; the importunate pleading of Metellus Cimber for his brother, taken up by the other conspirators; the striking of the first blow from behind by Casca; Cæsar's ceasing to defend himself when he recognises Brutus among his murderers; his falling down at the base of Pompey's statue, which ran blood; the deceitful reconciliation of Antony with the conspirators,—nothing of all this is absent. All, too, which follows is from Plutarch: the funeral oration of Brutus over Cæsar's body, and then that which Antony has obtained leave to deliver; the displaying of the rent and bloody mantle; the reading of the will; the rousing of the fury of the populace; the tearing in pieces of Cinna the poet, mistaken for the conspirator of the same name; the precipitate flight of the conspirators; their reappearance in arms in the East; the meeting of Brutus and Cassius; their quarrel, and Lucius Pella the cause; the reconciliation; the division of opinion as to military operations; the giving way of Cassius, with his subsequent protest to Messala that he had only unwillingly done this; the apparition of Cæsar's ghost to Brutus, with the announcement that he would see him again at Philippi; the leave-taking of Brutus and Cassius, with the conversation on the Stoic doctrine of suicide between them; the double issue of the battle; the disastrous mistakes; the death of Cassius by the sword which had slain Cæsar; the ineffectual appeal of Brutus to three of his followers to kill him, a fourth at length consenting,—all this, with minor details innumerable, has been borrowed by Shakespeare from the *Lives* of Cæsar, of Brutus, and of Mark Antony; which all have evidently been most carefully studied by him.\*

SECTION II.—SIR THOMAS NORTH'S VERSION OF PLUTARCH'S  
'LIVES' OF CÆSAR, BRUTUS, AND ANTONY.

The following passages from North's *Plutarch* are those from which the main elements of the play of *Julius Cæsar* have been derived. The spelling, as in W. W. Skeat's valuable *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, has been modernised except where antique forms of peculiar interest occur.

I. *Extracts from Plutarch's 'Life of Julius Cæsar.'*

'The chiefest cause that made him [Cæsar] so mortally hated,

\* *Plutarch*: Five Lectures by R. C. Trench, D.D., 2d edition, 1874, pp. 67-69.

was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest colour, to bear him ill-will. This, notwithstanding they that procured him this honour and dignity, gave it out among the people that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them, and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable. And furthermore, they were so bold besides, that, Cæsar returning from Rome to the city of Alba, when they came to salute him, they called him king. But the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar. Then every man keeping silence, he went his way heavy and sorrowful. When they had decreed divers honours for him in the senate, the consuls and prætors, with the whole assembly of the senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, . . . answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it (I, ii, 262). Notwithstanding it is reported, that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil (I, ii, 254), when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness'—40.

'At that time the feast Lupercalia (I, i, 68) was celebrated. . . . Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius

offering it again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol (I, ii, 220-271). After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. These, the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus,\* went and pulled down (I, i, 65-76), and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes (*i.e.* Bruti or Brutuses), because of Brutus who had in old times driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person unto the government of the senate and people (I, ii, 159). Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships (I, ii, 280); and accusing them he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fools'—41.

'Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the prætors' seat (I, iii, 143), where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect,—“Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed” (II, i, 46-48). Cassius finding Brutus's ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward, and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar (I, ii). . . . Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, “What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks” (I, ii, 194). Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, “As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads” (I, ii, 192), quoth he, “I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most,”—meaning Brutus and Cassius (I, ii, 201-210)—42.

'Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death (I, iii). For, touching the fires in the element (I, iii, 10), and spirits running up and

\* By Suetonius (i, 79) and Livy these two tribunes of the people are called Epidius Marullus and Cæsetius Flavius.

down in the night, and also the solitary birds (I, iii, 26-28) to be seen at noonday's sitting in the great market-place,—are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire (I, iii, 25), and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt (I, iii, 15-18). Cæsar's self also, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer\* (I, ii, 12-23), that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going into the senate house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him "the Ides of March be come." "So they be," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past" (III, i).

'Cæsar rising in the morning, she (his wife Calpurnia) prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the senate until another day; and that if he made no reckoning of her dream (about his being murdered) (II, ii, 1-3), yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition, and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards when the soothsayers, having sacrificed (II, ii, 5) many beasts, one after another, told him that none (of the victims) did like them; then he determined to send Antonius (II, ii, 52) to adjourn the session of the senate—43.

'But in the meantime came Decius Brutus (II, ii, 57-107), surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus; he, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might

\* Whom Suetonius (i, 81) calls *Spurinna*.

think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy (I, iii, 85-98), and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land; and furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? . . . And one Artemidorus (II, iii), also born in the isle of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus's confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand of all that he meant to tell him, . . . and said, "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him. . . .

'Now Antonius that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus\* entertained out of the senate house (III, i, 25, 26), having begun a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar coming into the house, all the senate stood up on their feet to do him honour'—44.

## II. *Extracts from Plutarch's 'Life of Marcus Brutus.'*

'Now there were divers sorts of prætorships in Rome, and it was looked for that Brutus or Cassius would make suit for the chiefest prætorship, which they called the prætorship of the city, because he that had that office was as a judge to minister justice unto the citizens. Therefore they strove one against another, though some say that there was some little grudge betwixt them for other matters before, and that this contention did set them further out though they were allied together, for Cassius had married Junia, Brutus's sister. . . . Brutus had the first prætorship and Cassius the second, who thanked not Cæsar so much for the prætorship he had as he was angry with him for that he had lost'—5.

'But Cassius being a cholerick man, and hating Cæsar (I, ii, 28-181) privately more than he did the tyranny openly, he

\* This is attributed to Caius Trebonius in Plutarch's *Brutus*.

incensed Brutus against him. It is also reported that Brutus could evil away with the tyranny, and that Cassius hated the tyrant, making many complaints for the injuries he had done him, and amongst others for that he had taken away his lions from him. Cassius had provided them for his sports when he should be ædile, and they were found in the city of Megara when it was won by Calenus, and Cæsar kept them. . . . And this was the cause (as some do report) that made Cassius conspire against Cæsar. But this holdeth no water; for Cassius even from his cradle could not abide any manner of tyrants.'

'Brutus's friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did (II, i, 36-58). For under the image [in the Capitol] of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote, "O that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!" and again, "That thou wert here among us now!" His tribunal or chair where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills—"Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed." And of all this Cæsar's flatterers were the cause, who beside many other exceeding and unspeakable honours they daily devised for him, in the night time they put diadems upon the heads of his images, supposing thereby to allure the common people to call him king instead of dictator. Howbeit it turned to the contrary—6.

'Now, when Cassius felt his friends, and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed and promised to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy (I, iii, 140-162). For they told him that so high an enterprise and attempt as that, did not so much require men of manhood and courage to draw their swords, as it stood them upon to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man boldly think that by his only presence the fact were holy and just (I, iii, 121-164). . . . Cassius did first of all speak to Brutus, and asked him if he were determined to be in the senate house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the senate; Brutus answered him, he would not be there.'

'(Cassius said to Brutus,) "Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanical (I, i, 3), people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens (I, ii, 311-320; II, i, 44-58), that do it?"'



‘Now, amongst Pompey’s friends there was one called Caius [Quintus] Ligarius (II, i, 309-336), who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged [*i.e.* pardoned] him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power. And, therefore, in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him, “Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick!” Ligarius rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, “Brutus,” said he, “if thou hast any great enterprise in hand, worthy of thyself, I am whole”—7.

‘They durst not acquaint Cicero (II, i, 141-153) with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age having also increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution.’

‘The only name and great calling of Brutus (II, i, 113-140) did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy; who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.’

‘Brutus, when he was out of his house, did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks, that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came (II, i, 229-309), that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife lying by him found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself—8.

‘His wife Porcia, . . . loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because she would not ask her husband what he ailed, before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men’s nails, and causing her maids

and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood, and incontinently after, a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving that her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: "I being, O Brutus," said she, "the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee, not to be thy bed-fellow, and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot (II, i, 261-302), but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now, for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee, touching our match. But, for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And, for myself, I have this benefit, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods (II, i, 303) to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia. So he then did comfort her the best he could'—9.

'They (the conspirators) thought also that the appointment of the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by Divine providence, and made all for them [*i.e.* was all in their favour]. For it was one of the porches about the theatre, in the which there was a certain place full of seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautify that part of the city with the theatre he built, with divers porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the senate appointed to be, just on the 15th day of the month of March (which the Romans call Idus Martias), so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain, for revenge of Pompey's death.'

'Another senator called Popilius Læna (III, i, 13-24), after

he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, "I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed." When he had so said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out'—10.

'Now, it was reported that Cæsar was coming in his litter, for he determined not to stay in the senate all that day (because he was afraid of the unlucky signs of the sacrifices), but to adjourn matters of importance unto the next session and council holden, feigning himself not to be well at ease. When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing, by that he had told them a little before, that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns, to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor, than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after, Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk.

'When Cæsar was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius Cimber\* (III, i, 27-89), who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them

\* Suetonius (i, 82) calls him Cimber Tullius. In Plutarch's *Cæsar*, he is called Metellus Cimber, the name which Shakespeare adopts.

from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out, in Latin, "O traitor Casca, what dost thou?" Casca, on the other side, cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him; then he let Casca's hand go, and, casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied—12.

'Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon another's neck, in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them (III, i); for it was set down and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny (II, i, 155-191). Besides also for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises, he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it: first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius's life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away. But Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans, as they went, to take their liberty again. Now, at

the first time, when the murder was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people that ran up and down the city, the which indeed did the more increase the noise and tumult; but when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil or make havoc of anything, then certain of the senators, and many of the people, emboldening themselves, went to the Capitol unto them—13.

‘There a great number of men being assembled together, one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol; whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations (III, ii, 1-38). When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a goodwill to make some stir, yet being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak, they gave him quiet audience; howbeit, immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murder. For when another, called Cinna, would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar among them, and marvellously reviled him: insomuch that the conspirators returned again into the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murder should be partakers of the danger’—14.

‘Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried (III, ii, 38-258), and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it; but Brutus went with the motion and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow-conspirators that Antonius should be slain (II, i, 155-191); and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy (V, i, 45). The second fault was, when he agreed that Cæsar’s funerals should be as Antonius would have them; the which

indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him and were marvellous sorry for him (III, ii, 237-248). Afterwards when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand (III, ii, 168), he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people; for some of them cried out, "Kill the murderers!" Others plucked up forms, tables (III, ii, 256), and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places (III, ii, 251-256). And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire (III, ii, 252). Howbeit, the conspirators foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves and fled (III, ii, 265). But there was a poet called [Helvius] Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends . . . When he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people, that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name, Cinna, the people thinking he had been that [Cornelius] Cinna who, in an oration he made, had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place (III, iii)'—16.

'Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus made an agreement between themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of Rome among themselves, and did set up bills of proscription and outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death; and among that number Cicero was one (IV, i)'—20.

'Now Cassius would have done Brutus much honour, as Brutus did unto him, but Brutus most commonly prevented him and went first unto him, both because he was the elder man, as also for that he was sickly of body. And men reported him commonly to be very skilful in wars, but otherwise marvellous choleric and cruel, who sought to rule men by fear rather than with lenity; and on the other side he was too familiar with his friends, and would jest too broadly with them. But Brutus (I, iii, 157-162), in contrary manner, for his virtue and valiantness was well beloved of the people and his own, esteemed of noble men, and hated of no man, not so much as of his enemies; because he was a marvellous lowly and gentle person, noble-minded, and would never be in any rage, nor carried away with pleasure and covetousness, but had ever an upright mind with him, and would never yield to any wrong or injustice: the which was the chiefest cause of his fame, of his rising, and of the goodwill that every man bare him; for they were all persuaded that his intent was good. . . . And as for Cassius, a hot, choleric, and cruel man, that would oftentimes be carried away from justice for gain, it was certainly thought that he made war, and put himself into sundry dangers, more to have absolute power and authority than to defend the liberty of his country.' . . .

'It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it as thinking the act commendable of itself, but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy that they otherwise did bear unto him (V, v, 68-75)'—22.

'About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis; and so he did (IV, ii). Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them (IV, iii). Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it should grow to further matter; but yet they were

commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one Marcus Phaonius (Favonius), that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion,—he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to let (hinder) Phaonius, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head; for he was a hot hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech, after the profession of the Cynic Philosophers (as who would say, *Dogs*), yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in *Homer*:

“My lords, I pray you hearken both to me;  
For I have seen moe years than suchie three”—IV, iii, 124-138.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him *dog* and *counterfeit cynic*. Howbeit, his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other.’

‘The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardinians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella (IV, iii, 2) for a defamed person—that had been a prætor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto—for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because he himself had secretly, not many days before, warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them; but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reprovèd Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little, than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of March (IV, iii, 18), at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pillèd nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to have suffered



Cæsar's friends to have robbed and done what wrong and injury they had would, than to bear with their own men. For then, said he, they could but have said they had been cowards, but now they may accuse us of injustice, beside the pains we take, and the danger we put ourselves into. And thus may we see what Brutus's intent and purpose was—25.

'But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour, that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful (anxious) man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the daytime, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head over busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen—after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels did use to come to him (IV, iii, 249-276). So being ready to go into Europe, one night very late, when all the camp took quiet rest, as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him; and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, "I am thy evil spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes."\* Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, "Well, then I shall see thee again." The spirit presently vanished away, and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise nor saw anything at all (IV, iii, 277-288).

'When they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that flying with a marvellous force lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat, and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there, one day only before the battle, they both flew away (V, i, 79-80)'—26.

'Antonius camped against Cassius, and Brutus, on the

\* The French name for Philippi, from Amyot's version.

other side, against Cæsar. The Romans called the valley between both camps the Philippian fields.'

'It is reported that there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. . . . There was seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses ; and bee-hives also were found where bees were gathered together in a certain place within the trenches of the camp : the which place the soothsayers thought good to shut out of the precinct of the camp, for to take away the superstitious fear and mistrust men would have of it : the which began somewhat to alter Cassius's mind from Epicurus's opinions (V, i, 76-78), and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear. . . . But, touching Cassius, Messala reporteth, that he supped by himself (privately) in his tent with a few of his friends, and that all supper time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature ; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and holding him fast, in token of kindness as his manner was, told him in Greek : "Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will, as Pompey the Great was, to jeopard the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle (V, i, 72-75). And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in Brutus's and Cassius's camp, which was an arming scarlet coat ; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said : "The gods grant us, O Brutus (V, i, 92-125), that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But, sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly or die?" Brutus answered him : "Being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods ; nor concerning men, valiant—not to give place and yield to Divine providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatso-

ever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly. But being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind ; for, if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply for war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March (IV, iii, 18), for the which I shall live in another more glorious world.”

‘Then Brutus prayed Cassius he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was far meeter for Cassius, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala (who had charge of one of the warlikest legions they had) should be also in that wing with Brutus—27. . . .

‘In the meantime Brutus, that had the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands, in the which he wrote the word of the battle (V, ii).’

‘Cassius was marvellous angry to see how Brutus’s men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge ; and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind ; but, with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the captains his enemies, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemy’s army ; whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore, perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet, although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together (V, iii)’—28.

‘So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain. Howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him ; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus’s horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius’s chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy ; and they that were familiarly acquainted

with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory, and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: "Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face." After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the Parthians where Crassus was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off (V, iii, 35-49). So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more; whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment (V, iii). By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune which had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently on the field (V, iii, 89). Brutus in the meantime came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans (V, iii, 98),\* being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he; he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder (V, iii, 90-109)'—29.

'There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youth (V, iv, 1-11). For notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his father's name, at length he was beaten down amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies which he had slain round about him.'†

\* Suetonius (iii, 61) quotes this same phrase, as applied both to Brutus and Cassius.

† 'While fighting at Philippi, against Cæsar and Antonius, in de-

'There was one of Brutus's friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was Brutus (V, iv, 9-14); and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. . . . Lucilius was brought to him, who with a bold countenance said: "Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken, or shall take, Marcus Brutus alive; and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; but wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself." . . . Lucilius's words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius (V, iv, 26-29), on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: "My friends, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done great wrong; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men as this my friends than my enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully even to his death'—31.

'Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle; and, to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence if all were well, that he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lifted up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now, Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, "If Statilius be alive, he will come again." But his evil fortune was such that, as he came  
fence of liberty, and the line was giving way, not deigning either to fly or to secrete himself, but challenging the enemy, and showing himself in front of them, and cheering on those who kept the ground with him, he fell, after exhibiting to his adversaries prodigies of valour'—Plutarch's *Cato*, 73.

back, he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now, the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus (V, v), one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear : the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request ; and so did many others. And amongst the rest one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly ; then Brutus rising up, "We must fly indeed," said he, "but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance : "It rejoiceth my heart (V, v, 31-42), that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need ; and I do not complain of my fortune but only for my country's sake : for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force nor money, neither can let (hinder) their posterity to say that they being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them." Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves ; and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilts with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato at his request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through and died presently. Messala that had been Brutus's great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato (V, v, 53-67), Brutus's friend, unto him, and weeping said : "Cæsar, behold here is he that did the last service to my Brutus." Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service, in all his affairs, as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium.'

'For Porcia, Brutus's wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill herself (her friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals, and cast them into her mouth,

and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself (IV, iii, 152-156). There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that his wife being sick, they would not help her, but suffered her to kill herself, choosing to die rather than to languish in pain. Thus it appears that Nicolaus knew not well that time, sith the letter (at the least if it were Brutus's letter) doth plainly declare the deace and love of this lady, and also the manner of her death'—32.

### III. *Extract from Plutarch's 'Life of Antony.'*

'All three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together (IV, i). Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death; for every one of them would kill their enemies, and save their kinsman and friends. Yet, at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius's will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it.'

### SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Shakespeare seems to have made the character of Julius Cæsar a special study. No other historical personage is so frequently referred to, or spoken of in such laudatory terms by him, as Cæsar. Although we have only this play left, it is not improbable that Shakespeare had placed upon the stage a complete view of the career of the great Roman conqueror. In the catalogue of plays which forms the table of contents in the first folio, 1623, *The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar* is the title given to this play, but in the body of the volume (pp. 109-130) it appears as *The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar*. The former title appears to suggest that in an earlier drama, Shakespeare had dealt with the *Life*—probably closing with the decisive battle fought on the plain of Pharsalus, against Pompey, B.C. 48, which made Cæsar

the master of the Roman world ; while in this he exhibited the *Death*, or as it may justly be called, *The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar*. It is, at any rate, quite apparent that this drama alone is but an inadequate representation of the foremost man in all the Roman world. Cæsar's personal part in the play ends with the opening of the third act, and thereafter his corpse, his memory, and his ghost keep up and indicate the influence and power of 'the mightiest Julius.' We have now, however, no full-length representation of the complete, heroic, conquering Cæsar, from Shakespeare's pen. It is, nevertheless, both curious and interesting to trace the conception of Cæsar which the great dramatist had formed in his own mind, and to take in, as far as we can, the impression his imagination had received during the course of his studies and thoughts, of 'imperial Cæsar,' as a living force and individuality. As there can be no doubt that such a collection of passages from Shakespeare's writings, as would enable us to know what he thought of his hero, would help us to understand the characterisation of Cæsar given here ; we shall endeavour to set forth, in order, so many of these as memory and research enable us to produce.

First let us take some casual allusions to the ambitious and prevailing Roman. When Sir John Falstaff proposes to 'mine host of the Garter,' to 'sit at ten pounds a-week' as his permanent guest, the innkeeper exclaims admiringly, yet with an anti-climax into fun, 'Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, iii, 6). In *Love's Labour's Lost*, when Holofernes enters, in the masque as Judas, and expresses fear lest he should be 'put out of countenance,' Biron objects that he has 'no face ;' and when the schoolmaster, pointing to his terribly disguised visage, asks, 'What is this ?' Longaville likens it to 'the face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen,' and Boyet compares it to 'the pommel of Cæsar's falchion' (V, ii, 610-618). Escalus, in *Measure for Measure*, threatens Pompey, who has been brought before him, thus, 'I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you' (II, i, 263) ; and in the same play, when Pompey is again in the hands of the officers, and on his way to prison, Lucio says, ironically, 'How now, noble Pompey ! What, at the wheels of Cæsar ? Art thou led in triumph ?' (III, ii, 47.) Iago, speaking of Cassio, says :

'He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,  
And give direction'—*Othello*, II, iii, 125 ;

while in *All's Well that Ends Well*, the First Lord jestingly



treats Parolles' loss of his drum as 'a disaster of war which Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command' (III, vi, 54-56).

The roisterous Pistol, in his magniloquent way, inquires at Dame Quickly, hostess of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap:

'Shall pack-horses,  
And hollow pampered jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals [for Hannibals]  
And Trojan Greeks?'—2 *Henry IV*, II, iv, 176.

And, in a very opposite strain, the deposed Henry VI, disguised in a forest in the north of England, murmurs:

'No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to thee for right'—3 *Henry VI*, III, i, 18.

There are some very spirited lines in the chorus-prologue of *Henry V*, in which Shakespeare asks his audience to

'Behold,  
In the quick forge and working house of thought,  
How London doth pour forth her citizens!  
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in'—Act V.

Pucelle, in 1 *Henry VI*, thus refers to Cæsar's words to the master of the pinnace, in which he, disguised as a slave, was striving to make his way from Apollonia to Brundisium, and was compelled, as Plutarch relates (*Cæsar*, 31), to reveal himself as Cæsar, that he might urge the mariners to make greater exertions:

'Now am I like that proud insulting ship  
Which Cæsar and his fortunes bare at once'—I, ii, 139.

Lord Bardolph, speaking to old Northumberland of the battle of Shrewsbury, exclaims:

'O, such a day,  
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes'—2 *Henry IV*, I, i, 20-23.

In the play of *Cymbeline*, in which our ancient history is linked with that of Rome, there are, of course, many refer-

ences to Julius Cæsar. There is, for instance, the boastful confidence expressed by Posthumus to his friend Philario, in the valour of his compatriot Britons :

‘Our countrymen  
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar  
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at : their discipline—  
Now mingled with their courages—will make known  
To their approvers, they are people, such  
That mend upon the world’—II, iv, 20-26.

When Lucius, in Cymbeline’s palace, urges the Roman claim to tribute, he states the case thus :

‘When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men’s eyes, and will to ears and tongue :  
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain,  
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle—  
Famous in Cæsar’s praises, no whit less  
That in his feats deserving it—for him,  
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately  
Is left untendered’—III, i, 2-10.

Cloten says :

‘There be many Cæsars  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay’—III, i, 11-14.

The queen, taking part in the policy of the court, asserts :

‘A kind of conquest  
Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag  
Of “came,” and “saw,” and “overcame :” with shame—  
The first that ever touched him—he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping—  
Poor ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked  
As easily ’gainst our rocks : for joy whereof  
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—  
O giglot fortune !—to master Cæsar’s sword,  
Made Lud’s town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage’—III, i, 22-33.

Then Cloten rudely breaks in with his rough words :

‘Come, there’s no more tribute to be paid :  
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;  
And, as I’ve said, there is no more such Cæsars :

Other of them may have crooked noses ; but,  
To owe such straight arms, none !—III, i, 34-38.

And, after a little more talk, Cymbeline, addressing Lucius, declares :

‘ You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar’s ambition—  
Which swelled so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o’ the world—against all colour, here  
Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be ’—III, i, 47-54.

Not only in the speech given to the queen in *Cymbeline*, and quoted above, is reference made in Shakespeare’s plays to the brief despatch in which Cæsar announced to the senate of Rome his victory over Pharnaces, in the decisive battle of Zela (B.C. 47), ‘*Veni, vidi, vici.*’ Sir John Falstaff, after describing to John of Lancaster his capture of Sir John Colville of the Dale, avers : ‘ He saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, “ I came, saw, and overcame ” ’ (2 *Hen. IV*, IV, iii, 45). And Rosalind merrily alludes to Cæsar’s thrasonical brag, ‘ I came, saw, and overcame ’ (V, ii, 29).

Lord Say reminds Jack Cade and his co-rioters that

‘ Kent in the *Commentaries* Cæsar writ,  
Is termed the civilest place in all this isle :  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ’  
—2 *Henry VI*, IV, vii, 64-67.

And so indeed we find Cæsar saying : ‘ Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt ’—‘ Of all these, those who dwell in Kent are the most civil and cultured ’ (*De Bello Gallico*, v, 14).

Our antiquarian historian Stow states that in regard to the building of the Tower of London : ‘ It hath been the common opinion, and some have written (but of none assured ground), that Julius Cæsar, the first conqueror of the Britons, was the original author, as well thereof as also of many other towers, castles, and great buildings within this realm.’ Poetry is the foster-parent of Tradition, and Shakespeare has employed this tradition with excellent effect in the scene in which he brings the queen of Richard II to ‘ the model where old [new?] Troy ’—*Troy novant*—did stand :

'To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke'

—*Richard II*, V, i, 2-4;

and once again to even better purpose in *Richard III* when he makes the young Prince Edward say to Buckingham, when his uncle, the Earl of Gloster, gives his counsel that

'Your highness shall repose you at the Tower'—III, i, 65.

'I do not like the Tower, of any place.—

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?'—III, i, 68, 69.

And the conversation thereafter proceeds thus :

'*Buckingham*. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince*. Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buck*. Upon record, my gracious lord. . . .

*Prince*. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live :  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life'—III, i, 70-88.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare makes Pompey say to the triumvirate near Misenum :

'To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who, at Philippi, the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was't  
That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what  
Made the all-honoured honest Roman, Brutus,  
With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Have one man but a man?'—II, iv, 8-19.

Reference is made to Cæsar's murder by Suffolk in *2 Henry VI* when the pirates are leading him to death :

'Come, soldier, show what cruelty ye can,  
That this my death may never be forgot!  
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians;  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard\* hand  
 Stabbed Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
 Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates'  
 —IV, i, 132-138.

When Prince Edward is killed by Edward, Gloster, and Clarence, Queen Margaret exclaims:

'O traitors, murderers!  
 They that stabbed Cæsar shed no blood at all,  
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
 If this foul deed were by to sequel it'—3 *Henry VI*, V, v, 2-5.

Then of the portents and terrors which preceded Cæsar's murder, besides the fine descriptive recital in this play, we have, in a famous passage in *Hamlet*, spoken by Horatius, this epitome of the 'prologue to the omen coming on:'

'In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.  
 As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse,' etc.  
 —I, i, 113-120.

The Duke of Bedford, while apostrophising his deceased brother, thus refers to the apotheosis† of the murdered conqueror, saying:

'Harry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
 Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——'—1 *Henry VI*, I, i, 52-56.

One or two other slight references to the facts of Cæsar's life are also to be found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, such as the passages in which the heroine boasts:

\* This epithet refers to a scandalous story—of which Voltaire unfortunately availed himself in his *Julius Cæsar*—that Brutus was the son of Cæsar by Servilia, the sister of Cato. That this is a calumny may easily be shown: Julius Cæsar was born 12th July B.C. 100; Brutus was born in the autumn of 85 B.C.

† In a glowing access of poetic flattery this apotheosis is described, in a passage with which Shakespeare was surely acquainted, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv, 745-870.

'Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch'—I, iv, 29-31.

And when Thyreus says : 'Give me grace to lay my duty on thy hand,' remarks :

'Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rained kisses'—III, xiii, 81-85.

Pompey, in the same play, praising 'your fine Egyptian cookery,' says, it 'first

'Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there'—II, vi, 65, 66.

There are, besides these, a few slighter passing references to the Roman conqueror, which do not materially aid us in comprehending Shakespeare's impression of Cæsar, but which serve to show us how deeply the facts and influences of the life of the dictator had engrossed the author's mind. In *Richard III* (IV, iv, 336) that sovereign promises that Queen Elizabeth's daughter 'shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar;' Canidius, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, refers to 'Pharsalia, where Cæsar fought with Pompey' (III, vii, 30); Polonius 'did enact Julius Cæsar' (*Hamlet*, III, ii, 106); and the Prince of Denmark moralises on 'imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay' (*Hamlet*, V, i, 234).

If we make an induction from these passages regarding Shakespeare's ideal of Cæsar, we must certainly conclude that he considered his hero to have been a most influential factor in human history by personal valour and ability, as well as from his political and social relations to his times. While he shows us clearly the national demoralisation which made monarchy a practical necessity, though a theoretical anomaly, he reveals to us how surely success, power, victory, and opportunity result in arrogance, boastfulness, vanity, and desire for 'sovereign sway and masterdom.' How ambition and discretion struggle terribly in the mind of one who entertains a lofty consciousness of personal power, and a low estimate of political principles! His Julius Cæsar is a hero in whom success has produced habits of haughtiness; in whom philosophy has failed to overcome superstitious fear; in whom desire and policy conspire to make a despot, and whom self-flattery and courtier-fawning combine to mis-

lead. He is a man of greater energy than dignity, who strikes the imagination, puzzles the understanding, and disappoints the heart; he exhibits active intelligence without depth; he excites admiration rather than reverence, and induces astonishment rather than inspires love. His material conquests are magnificent; but he lacks the highest moral might—the power of self-conquest. ‘He is not a king, but Cæsar!’

#### BACON’S CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

As Miss Delia Bacon, in her *Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded*, has suggested that Bacon was probably the true intellectual Shakespeare to whom we owe the finest dramas ever composed, and her opinion seems shared in by several of her countrymen, it appears right to place before the student, for comparison and contrast with Shakespeare’s idea of Julius Cæsar, Lord Bacon’s essay on the character of the dictator. Singularly enough, Miss Bacon did not employ this production of the ‘broad-browed Verulam’ to prove that Shakespeare’s *Cæsar* had issued from the same brain, which she surely would have done had she thought they both bore the same mental mint-mark.

‘Julius Cæsar, at the first, encountered a rugged fortune, which turned to his advantage: for this curbed his pride, and spurred his industry. He was a man of unruly passions and desires; but extremely clear and settled in his judgment and understanding: as appears by his ready address, to extricate himself both in action and discourse; for no man ever resolved quicker, or spoke clearer. But his will and appetite were restless, and ever launched out beyond his acquisitions; yet the transitions of his actions were not rash, but well concerted: for he always brought his undertakings to complete and perfect periods. Thus, after having obtained numerous victories, and procured a great degree of security in Spain, he did not slight the remains of the civil war in that country; but having, in person, seen all things fully composed and settled there, he immediately went upon his expedition against the Parthians.

‘He was, without dispute, a man of a great and noble soul; though rather bent upon procuring his own private advantage, than good to the public: for he referred all things to himself, and was the truest centre of his own actions. Whence flowed his great and almost perpetual felicity and success: for neither his country nor religion, neither good offices, relations, nor friends, could check or moderate his designs. Again, he was not greatly bent upon preserving his memory; for he neither established a state of things, built lasting monuments, nor enacted laws of perpetuity, but worked entirely for

his own present and private ends ; thus confining his thoughts within the limits of his own times. It is true, he endeavoured after fame and reputation, as he judged they might be of service to his designs ; but certainly, in his heart, he rather aimed at power than dignity, and courted reputation and honours only as they were instruments of power and grandeur. So that he was led, not by any laudable course of discipline, but by a kind of natural impulse, to the sovereignty ; which he rather affected to seize, than appeared to deserve.

‘ This procedure ingratiated him with the people, who had no dignity to lose ; but, among the nobility and gentry, who desired to retain their honours, it gained him the character of a bold, aspiring man. And certainly they judged right ; for he was naturally very audacious, and never put on the appearance of modesty but to serve a turn. Yet this daring spirit of his was so tempered, that it neither subjected him to the censure of rashness, or intolerable haughtiness, nor rendered his nature suspected ; but was taken to proceed from a certain simplicity and freedom of behaviour, joined with the nobility of his birth. And in all other respects he had the reputation, not of a cunning and designing, but of an open and sincere man. And though he was a perfect master of dissimulation, and wholly made up of art, without leaving anything to nature but what art had proved, yet nothing of design or affectation appeared in his carriage : so that he was thought to follow his own natural disposition. He did not, however, stoop to any mean artifices, which men unpractised in the world, who depend not upon their own strength, but the abilities of others, employ to support their authority ; for he was perfectly skilled in all the ways of men, and transacted everything of consequence in his own person, without the interposition of others.

‘ He had the perfect secret of extinguishing envy, and thought it proper in his proceedings to secure this effect, though with some diminution of his dignity. For being wholly bent upon real power, he almost constantly declined, and contentedly postponed all the empty show, and gaudy appearance of greatness : till at length, whether satiated with enjoyment, or corrupted by flattery, he affected even the ensigns of royalty, the style and diadem of a king, which proved his ruin. He entertained the thought of dominion from his very youth ; and this was easily suggested to him by the example of Sylla, the affinity of Marius, the emulation of Pompey, and the corruption and troubles of the times. But he paved his way to it in a wonderful manner : first, by a popular and seditious, and afterwards by a military and imperial force. For at the entrance he was to break through the power and authority of the senate ; which remaining entire, there was no passage to an immoderate and extraordinary sovereignty. Next, the power of Crassus and Pompey was to be subdued, which could not be but by arms. And, therefore, like a skilful architect of his own fortune, he began and carried on his first structure by largesses ; by corrupting the courts of justice ; by renewing the memory of Caius Marius and his party, whilst most



of the senators and nobility were of Sylla's faction; by the agrarian laws; by seditious tribunes, whom he instigated; by the fury of Catiline, and his conspirators, whom he secretly favoured; by the banishment of Cicero, upon whom the authority of the senate turned; and other the like artifices: but what finished the affair, was the alliance of Crassus and Pompey, joined with himself.

'Having thus secured all matters on this side, he directly turned to the other; he was now made proconsul of Gaul for five years, and afterwards continued for five more; he was furnished with arms, legions, and commanded a warlike province, adjacent to Italy. For he knew that, after he had strengthened himself with arms and a military power, neither Crassus nor Pompey could make head against him; the one trusting to his riches, the other to his fame and reputation; the one decaying in age, the other in authority; and neither of them resting upon true and solid foundations. And all this succeeded to his wish; especially as he had bound and obliged all the senators, magistrates, and those who had any power, so firmly to himself, by private benefits, that he feared no conspiracy or combination against his designs; till he had openly invaded the state. And though this was ever his scheme, and at last put in execution, yet he did not unmask; but what by the reasonableness of his demands, his pretences of peace, and moderating his successes, he turned the whole load of envy upon the opposite party; and appeared to take arms of necessity, for his own preservation and safety. The emptiness of this pretence manifestly appeared, when the civil wars were ended; all his rivals, that might give him any disturbance, slain; and he possessed of the regal power; for now he never once thought of restoring the republic, nor so much as pretended it. Which plainly showed, as the event confirmed, that his designs were all along upon the sovereignty; and, accordingly he never seized occasions as they happened, but raised and worked them out himself.

'His principal talent lay in military matters; wherein he so excelled, that he could not only lead, but mould an army to his mind. For he was as skilful in governing men's passions, as in conducting affairs; and this he did not by any ordinary discipline, that taught his soldiers obedience, stung them with shame, or awed them by severity; but in such a manner, as raised a surprising ardour and alacrity in them, and made them confident of victory and success; thus endearing the soldiery to him, more than was convenient for a free state. And as he was well versed in war of all kinds, and as he joined civil and military arts together, nothing could come so suddenly upon him, but he had an expedient ready for it; nothing so adverse, but he drew some advantage from it. He had a due regard to his person; for in great battles he would sit in his pavilion, and manage all by adjutants. Whence he received a double advantage; as thus coming the seldomer in danger; and in case of an unfortunate turn, could animate and renew the fight, by his own presence, as by a fresh supply. In all his military preparations he did not square himself to precedents only, but ever with exquisite judgment, took

new measures, according to the present exigence. He was constant, singularly beneficent, and indulgent in his friendships; but made such choice of friends, as easily showed that he sought for those who might forward and not obstruct his designs. And as he was both by nature and habit led, not to be eminent among great men, but to command among inferiors, he made friends of mean and industrious persons, to whom he alone gave law. As for the nobility, and his equals, he contracted friendship with them just as they might serve his turn; and admitted none to his intimacies, but such whose whole expectations centred upon him.

‘He was tolerably learned; but chiefly in what related to civil policy. For he was well versed in history; and perfectly understood both the edge and weight of words: and because he attributed much to his good stars, he affected to be thought skilful in astronomy. His eloquence was natural to him, and pure. He was given to pleasures, and profuse in them, which served at his first setting out as a cloak to his ambition; for no danger was apprehended from one of this cast. Yet he so governed his pleasures, that they were no prejudice to himself, nor business; but rather whetted than blunted the vigour of his mind. He was temperate in diet, not delicate in his amours, and pleasant and magnificent at public shows. This being his character, the same thing at last was the means of his fall which at first was a step to his rise, viz., his affectation of popularity: for nothing is more popular than to forgive our enemies. Through which virtue, or cunning, he lost his life. . . .

[‘Julius Cæsar, being of a restless, discomposed spirit, as those generally prove who are troubled with the falling-sicknesses, yet cleared the way to his own ends with the utmost address and prudence. His error was the not rightly fixing his ends; but with an insatiable and unnatural appetite still pursuing further views.’]

#### THE DATE OF THE COMPOSITION OF ‘JULIUS CÆSAR.’

‘The death of Julius Cæsar,’ says William Watkiss Lloyd, ‘is the most central incident in the political history of the world: it is placed in time, at the conclusion of one great series of events and at the commencement of another, most strikingly contrasted, and dividing between them the general course of events, which—as the body of ancient history stands in the closest relation to modern—is its proper offspring and inheritor.’ The life, fortunes, character, and fate of him who stood ‘the foremost man of all the world’—at this the confluence of old and new, when the most important world-change was just on the eve of being brought about by the institution of a religion of faith for one of forms—are matters of capital interest in history and for thought. And, notwithstanding the grievous losses of documents and records of

which historians have to complain, the materials available for the knowledge and understanding of this special period—as we have seen in the preceding sections—are unusually full in their details and uncommonly authentic in their character. We can scarcely wonder that the singular deed which closed the era of pre-Christian life should have excited much interest among men, or that the ‘lofty scene’ should ‘be acted o’er’—

‘In states unborn, and accents yet unknown.’

The earliest trace of the modern dramatic treatment of this subject is a *Cæsar’s Tragedy*,\* published at Paris in 12mo, 1578, of which a copy is, we believe, in the library of J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. In September 1587 there was entered in the Stationers’ Register for John Charlewood an *Abstracte of the Historie of Cæsar and Pompey*. Stephen Gosson, in his *Players Confuted in Five Acts*, published in April 1582, thus notices an early play on this subject: ‘So was the *Historie of Cæsar and Pompey* and the playe of the *Fabii* at the Theater both amplified there, where the drummers might walk on the pen ruffle; when the historie swelled too hye for the number of the persons who should playe it, the poet with Proteus (Procrustes?) cut the same, fit to his own measure; when it afforded no pompe at all, he brought it to the racke to make it serve.’ This passage may refer either to the publication which Charlewood entered, or to some other drama of a kindred nature. It is possible, though not likely, that it referred to a Latin academical play, performed at Oxford in 1582, whose author was Richard Eedes, D.D., which, though not extant, is known to have been popular, as its author is placed by Francis Meres among ‘our best for tragedie.’

Shortly after this time the subject had become so popular that in 1605, ‘*Julius Cæsar* was acted by marinnets,’ and this droll or puppet show of it continued in vogue for several years. An English drama entitled *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar’s Revenge*, was published anonymously in 1607, but another—and as men learned in typography have concluded, an earlier—edition of this play is extant, and it is even thought probable that it had been placed on the stage so early as 1594. In the same year, 1607, William Alexander (after-

\* The composition of Jacques Grevin, physician and dramatic writer, born at Cleremont-en-Beauvois 1549, and died at Turin in 1570, author of several licentious comedies and a few tragedies of more than average animation. Among these was this historic drama on ‘*Julius Cæsar*,’ performed in the college of Beauvois, in Paris, in 1560, with fair acceptance, etc.

wards Earl of Sterline) published his *Monarchicke Tragedies*, the fourth of which is devoted to *Julius Cæsar*. His tragedy is a rhymed poem thrown into the form of a play, and is obviously meant for perusal rather than performance. In this dramatic poem the resemblances to that of Shakespeare's play are not by any means 'numerous or obvious,' and these, as Mr J. P. Collier has observed, 'may be accounted for by the fact that [the] two writers were treating the same subject,' though it is probable that the idea of completing his *Monarchicke Tragedies* with *Julius Cæsar* may have been suggested by the popularity of the play to which our attention is directed.\* Another Latin play, composed by Thomas May, was extant in 1812, and the MS. of it was in the possession of Stephen Jones, editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*. Of another Latin tragedy, published in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, there is a copy in J. O. Halliwell-Phillipp's library, entitled, 'Caius Julius Cæsar, Tragedia, ex Plutarcho, Apiano, Alex. Suetonio, etc. Publice exhibita in Academiæ Argentor. Theatro.'

So far as is at present known, Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was first printed in the earliest folio, 1623, where it occupies a place between *Timon of Athens* and *Macbeth*,

\* Through the kindness of David Laing, LL.D., of the library of the Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh—a gentleman who has aided, by his extensive knowledge of books and ready goodwill in giving the use of them, three generations of Shakespearian scholars—the editor has had the opportunity of perusing and carefully collating the three following editions of '*The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar*, by William Alexander, Gentleman of the Prince's Privie Chamber:' (1) 'London, printed by Valentine Simmes for Ed. Blount, 1607' (the first edition); (2) 'London, printed by Willian Stansby, 1616' (the third edition); and (3) that issued in the collected poems, under the title of '*Recreations with the Muses*, by William, Earle of Sterline. London, printed by Tho. Harper, 1637.' Though each edition differs, often materially from the other, yet there does not appear in them any palpable changes made under Shakespearian influences; while, on the other hand, the likenesses that may be traced in tone or sentiment seem clearly due to the use of a common original. Our impression is that Alexander, having already issued in 1604 his *Monarchicke Tragedies*, had the supplementary dramatic poem suggested to him by the *Julius Cæsar* of Shakespeare, and that the issue in 1616 was an assertion of independent and original production—his being, like the plays of Lord Brooke subsequently, rather politico-philosophic poems than theatrical dramas. Sterline was more likely to know of a play publicly acted in England than Shakespeare of one in MS. in Scotland.

after a break in the pagination from 101 of the third part, occupied by the tragedies, to 108 inclusive—extending from pages 109 to 130, both included. The copy from which it has been printed was probably one revised and curtailed for stage representation, as we may infer, with the Rev. F. G. Fleay, from the number of short lines occurring in this drama, and from its being shorter than the average of the companion tragedies, as well as from other considerations mentioned in the notes. Though here first printed, however, it is pretty certain that it was popular on the stage a considerable time before Shakespeare's death in 1616. Leonard Digges declares:

‘Till I hear a scene more nobly take,  
Than when thy half-sword-parleying Romans spake.

Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,  
But crowned with laurel, live eternally.’

In the prologue to the tragedy of *The False One*, in which Cæsar and Cleopatra take the chief rôles, apologetic reference is made for taking up two subjects on which Shakespeare had previously shed the brilliancy of his genius:

‘Sure to tell  
Of Cæsar’s amorous heats, and how he fell  
I’ the Capitol, can never be the same  
To the judicious. . . .  
We treat not of what boldness she [Cleopatra] did die,  
Nor of her fatal love for Antony.’

*The False One* appears in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, but it is generally accepted that the authorship belongs to Fletcher, and Massinger as his assistant, and that the date of its production is about 1608. There is a quarrel-scene in *The Maid’s Tragedy*, between Evadne and Amintor (II, i), evidently imitated from that between Brutus and Cassius; and the probable date of that play is 1608-9. Again in the induction to Ben Jonson’s *Staple of News*, 1605, we have another distinct allusion to Shakespeare’s drama in the saying, ‘Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause,’ which refers to a passage attributed by Jonson in his *Discoveries* directly to Shakespeare. Malone has remarked that ‘from some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an English play upon the subject before Shakespeare commenced [as] a writer for the stage.’ As the first *Hamlet*, however, was printed in 1603, it is perhaps as

probable that the reference was made to a play of Shakespeare's own, 'then probably familiar to the greater part of the audience.' And this likelihood receives enhancement from the following circumstances: (1) that Ben Jonson's *Sejanus; his Fall*, produced at the Globe in 1603, seems to have been suggested by the *Tragedie of Julius Cæsar*, and perhaps suffered by an unjust comparison with it, though Shakespeare took part, if not in the authorship, at least in the performance; (2) that a passage in Michael Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, issued 1603—to which there is no parallel in the poem in its earliest form, *Mortimeriados*, issued in 1594—bears a close resemblance in idea to a noticeable statement occurring in *Julius Cæsar* (V, v):

'His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, This was a man.'

Drayton said in the revised issue of 1603:

'Such one he was, of him we boldly say,  
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit;  
In whom, in peace, the elements all lay,  
So mixed as none could sovereignty impute,  
As all did govern, yet all did obey:  
His lively temper was so absolute  
That it seemed when Heaven his model first began,  
In him it showed perfection in a man.'

In 1619 Drayton improved this passage by bringing it nearer to his model, thus:

'He was a man, then boldly dare to say,  
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;  
In whom so mixed the elements did lay,  
That none to one could sovereignty impute;  
As all did govern so did all obey:  
He of a temper was so absolute,  
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,  
She meant to show all that might be in man.'

Similarly, Ben Jonson in his *Cynthia's Revels* (II, ii) makes Mercury call Crites, 'a creature of a most perfect and divine temper; one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency, . . . in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work; she did more than make a man when she made him.' The date of *Cynthia's Revels* is 1600. We find

also, as J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps has pointed out, the following unmistakable reference to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, composed in honour of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, and opposed to the impression given of that early friend of true religion by Shakespeare in Sir John Falstaff—an erroneous view which Shakespeare acknowledges in the epilogue to 2 *Henry IV*, where he says, 'Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' Weever's lines, published in 1601, run thus:

'The many-headed multitude\* were drawne  
By Brutus' speech that "Cæsar was ambitious,"†  
When eloquent Mark Antony had shewne  
His virtues, who, but Brutus, then, was vicious?'

It may be proper here, also, to notice that in the Bodleian copy of *Acolastus his Afterwitte* (1600), a poem by Samuel Nicholson, M.A., Edmund Malone, editor of Shakespeare, has marked on the margin opposite the following passage, this reference, '*Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*, scene between Brutus and the Ghost:'

'Art thou a god, a man, or else a ghost?  
Comest thou from heaven where blisse and solace dwell?  
Or from the ayrie could-ingendring coast?  
Or from the darksome, dungeon-hole of hell?  
Or from the secret chambers of the deepe?  
Or from the graves where breathless bodies sleepe?'

—Rev. A. B. Grosart's reprint, 50 copies, lines 673-678.

The references in this passage are nearer the phraseology of *Hamlet* than of *Julius Cæsar*, and are, perhaps, as the Rev. A. B. Grosart, in his reprint of *Acolastus*, Memorial-Introduction, p. xxi, observes, 'too slight and common, contemporaneously, to be accepted' as being distinctly Shakespearean in their origin.

By this induction of cumulative evidence we have been led back to 1600 or so, as the probable date of the play before us. Its success probably excited the rivalry and emulation of his contemporaries. In 1602 the renowned poets, Munday, Drayton, Webster, and Middleton, wrote a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall*. A *Cæsar and Pompey* appeared in 1607, and several plays were produced on the same topic in the early part of the seventeenth century. George Chapman, in 1631, for instance, wrote his '*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tra-*

\* *Coriolanus*, II, iii, 38.

† *Julius Cæsar*, III, ii.

*gedy*, declaring their wars, out of which event is evicted the proposition, 'Only a just man is a freeman.' Sir William Davenant and John Dryden altered Shakespeare's *Cæsar* in 1719, for performance at the Theatre-Royal, and pre-faced the publication of it with a *Life of Cæsar*, abstracted from Plutarch and Suetonius. John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normandy, and Duke of Buckingham, aided, or at least, abetted by Pope, divided the play into two parts, and produced it as the *Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*, altered with a prologue and chorus, and the *Tragedy of Marcus Brutus*, both published in quarto, in 1722. The original is considerably vulgarised. The scene, which is only in Shakespeare's play described by Casca, of the offering of the crown, is represented; that between Brutus and Portia is extended; Cæsar is shown at home boastful and proud, yet afraid and superstitious; the incidents of the sacrifices and omens constitute a scene; the assassination takes place in the fourth act; and the mischief set afoot by Antony closes the first play. The second begins on the day before the battle of Philippi, and ends with it. The principal Shakespearian incidents preserved—considerably weakened in force and terseness—are the quarrel-scenes between Brutus and Cassius, and the suicide of the conspirators. So we find that within a century after its first publication, this splendid play was reduced to rant, fustian, and prosaic tediousness, and interspersed with odes to be sung in chorus, of which Pope, apparently approving of the change, furnished two. It is believed, however, by the best authorities, that though the Duke of Buckingham's dramas were presented posthumously to the public in type, they were never represented on the stage. Society was scarcely even then so stupid as to set aside Shakespeare for Sheffield.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, son of Caius Julius Cæsar and Aurelia, was born 12th July 100 B.C., in the sixth consulship of his uncle Caius Marius, to whose party he naturally became attached. When only seventeen he married Cornelia, daughter of Lucius Cinna, the leader of the Marians. Sulla commanded him to put her away; he refused, and was proscribed. He concealed himself among the Sabines till his friends won his pardon reluctantly from Sulla, who saw 'that there were many Mariuses in him.' He served his first campaign in Asia, and at the taking of Mitylene, B.C. 80, gained a civic crown for saving the life of a fellow-soldier. On Sulla's death, B.C. 78, he



returned to Rome, and began to take part in public life as a candidate for popular favour. He served as quæstor in Spain B.C. 68, was chosen ædile for B.C. 65, and in B.C. 63 was Pontifex Maximus. In the last-named year, while he was prætor-elect, Catiline's conspiracy, in which some thought he was implicated, occurred. After acting as prætor B.C. 62, he went as proprætor into Further Spain, and there began, by his victories over the Lusitanians, that career of generalship which proved him to be one of the master warriors of mankind. In B.C. 60 he was, along with L. Calpurnius Bibulus, elected consul; and on entering upon office, he became a partner in that formidable coalition of wealth, power, and talent, known as the first triumvirate, and so took the earliest public step for the attainment of those ambitious designs regarding imperial dominion which he had long cherished. During his consular year, B.C. 59, he, giving no place or power to his colleague Bibulus, proposed and passed many popular measures. By a vote of the people, proposed by the tribune Vatinius, supported by Crassus and Pompey, the provinces of Transalpine Gaul, Cisalpine Gaul, and Illyrium, with the command of six legions, were conferred on him for five years. Before setting out to his province, Cæsar allied himself more closely to Pompey by giving him his daughter Julia in marriage, and strengthened his own cause—having divorced his second wife Pompeia, because 'Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion'—by a third marriage, choosing this time Calpurnia, daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was to be his successor in the consulship. During the next nine years, Cæsar was employed in the subjugation of that vast tract of country now constituting the countries of Switzerland, France, and Belgium, besides having twice (B.C. 55 and 54) visited Britain, and gained the submission of the south-lying portion of that island. In B.C. 50, Cæsar, who had neither been unmindful or unwatchful of affairs in the capital, was again upon the Roman side of the Alpine chain, possessed of boundless treasure, a devoted army, and a resourceful spirit. Military prowess then formed the best means of attaining political power. Pompey saw this as clearly as Cæsar, and resolved to checkmate the conqueror of Gaul. In B.C. 49 a law was passed commanding Cæsar to disband his army, on a date fixed by the senate, and ordaining that, failing to do so, he should be held as an enemy of the state. Cæsar refused, crossed the Rubicon, and soon made himself master of all Italy. The civil war thus inaugurated, was terminated at the battle of Pharsalia, 4th August B.C. 48, when Pompey was defeated,

and Cæsar became, in fact, possessed of dictatorial power. The murder of Pompey in Egypt by order of the ministers of Ptolemy, 24th September B.C. 48, and the defeat of Scipio and Cato at Thapsus, 6th April B.C. 46, left him rivalless as the ruler of Rome. In his absence, though managed under his instructions, Cæsar was chosen dictator for two years, and on his return celebrated four magnificent triumphs, commemorative of his victories in Gaul, Pontus, Egypt, and Africa. Honours were heaped on him with no stinted hand. He was hailed as 'father of his country,' the month Quintilis (in which he was born) was called July after him, and he was worshipped as a demi-god. He was created imperator or commander of the armies of the state, consul, tribune, censor (*prefectus morum*), etc., and all other public offices were filled up by his nominees or on his recommendation. However elated by success, he neither proscribed nor massacred, but by a general amnesty opened the way to confidence, peace, and progress, provided his personal pre-eminence were preserved. He set himself to the consolidation of his power, and gave his earliest efforts to measures of public utility. Even then, however, he was only chief of a party, not master of the state. He desired to place himself clearly above competition or emulation, and so wished to be made king. He stamped out the lingering power of the Pompeian faction at Munda, 17th March B.C. 45. In October he marched in triumph through Rome—dictator during life. Envy looked grudgingly on his greatness; jealousy carped at his progress; conspiracy threw the world into a whirl of confusion again by his assassination, 15th March B.C. 44. Orator, historian, statesman, general, sovereign, 'the foremost man of all the world' perished in the senate by the hands of friends become foemen.

2. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.—Caius Octavius, son of Caius Octavius and of Atia, niece of Caius Julius Cæsar, was born at Velitræ, in Latium, in the consulship of Cicero, 23d September B.C. 63. His father died when he was four years of age, and Julia, Cæsar's sister, his grandmother, took him under her charge. He was weakly in boyhood but precocious, and Julia, while carefully training his mind, assiduously devoted herself to the management of his health. She succeeded in both. On her demise, in his twelfth year, Caius Octavius delivered a funeral oration over his grandmother. Lucius Marcus Philippus, who had married Atia, took him into his house, and under his mother's care there, his culture was continued. He assumed the *toga virilis* at the age of sixteen, and was then chosen a member of the College of

Pontiffs. Julius Cæsar entertained great affection for him, and in some measure superintended his education for public life. He was present in his uncle's camp, at the battle of Munda, B.C. 45. Here, and at this time, the dictator adopted him into the family of the Cæsars, and made him his heir. On their return to Rome, Julius decided on sending Caius Octavius to Apollonia, in Epirus, to pursue his military education, preparatory to taking him, as a pupil in training, on the expedition he was then planning against the Parthians. He was in Apollonia, when the dictator was assassinated, and he, immediately on receiving the news, hastened off to Italy with a few attendants, assumed the name of Cæsar under his uncle's will, and, encouraged by the support of the veteran soldiery, resolved to avenge the assassination, and to assert his claim to the sovereignty he had held. In presence of the prætor, he formally accepted the dangerous but valuable inheritance Cæsar bequeathed to him; and, in the long, keen, complicated struggle which ensued, played his part with a cool astuteness and calm ability, which baffled the intriguers who were on the alert in Rome, for opportunity and power. When, under the walls of Mutina, the contending forces first met, Antony was soon compelled to betake himself to the other side of the Alps. On his accession to the consulship, B.C. 43, Octavius saw that new combinations were possible, and he prudently proposed the second triumvirate. The opposition was completely broken by the battles at Philippi, B.C. 42; and Octavius, during the next nine years, inflexibly pursued such plans as rid him of all antagonists except Antony. Then, bracing himself for a final contest, by the action at Actium, 2d September B.C. 31, he overcame Antony, and acquired sovereign supremacy in the Roman empire. After a reign of almost unexampled prosperity, he died at Nola, 19th August B.C. 14.

3. MARCUS ANTONIUS, son of Marcus Antonius Creticus and of Julia, sister of Lucius Julius Cæsar, was born in B.C. 83. His father, dying while he was yet young, he was brought up by Lentulus, who became the husband of Julia, and who was put to death by Cicero, as one of the conspirators along with Catiline. Antony and Cicero were thereafter enemies. In his early years he gave headlong scope to his passions, and became involved in debt through his extravagance. In B.C. 58, he went to Syria, and there, under Gabinius, served with considerable distinction. He accompanied Cæsar into Gaul, B.C. 54, and by his aid was chosen quæstor, B.C. 52. He linked himself then to Cæsar's

fortunes, and became one of his most zealous partisans. He was tribune of the plebs, B.C. 49, and put his veto on the law requiring the disbanding of Cæsar's army. He commanded the left wing of Cæsar's army at the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48. He was consul along with Cæsar B.C. 44, and thrice offered him the kingly crown at the Lupercalia. After Cæsar's assassination he endeavoured to succeed to his power, but found an unexpected rival in Cæsar's grand-nephew, adopted son and heir, Caius Octavius, who joined the senate to crush his competitor. When he went to Cisalpine Gaul, to wrest that province from Decimus Brutus, the senate declared Antony a public enemy, and sent Octavius to carry on the war against him. Octavius defeated him at Mutina; but when Antony, now joined by Lepidus with a fresh army, again took the field, Octavius planned the second triumvirate, by which the imperial government should be vested for five years in himself and his antagonists. This was agreed to, and a proscription arranged. Octavius and Antony at Philippi crushed the conspirators in favour of republicanism, and Antony went to Asia, as his share of the Roman dominion. In Egypt he became the slave of Cleopatra and his passions. From this debasement he was recalled for a short time by his marriage with Octavia, his co-triumvir's sister; but he speedily returned to his besotment, sent Octavia back, and became in character and state an Eastern despot. Octavius saw that his opportunity had now come, and at Actium he crushed him. On his defeat at the sea-fight, Antony fled with Cleopatra to Alexandria, and there, when Octavius sat down before it, in siege, he terminated his strange life by suicide, B.C. 30.

4. M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, son of Marcus Lepidus, who was consul B.C. 78, and strove to rescind the laws of Sulla. This Lepidus was ædile B.C. 52, prætor, 49, and along with Cæsar, whom he had supported in the civil war, consul, 46. He was appointed by Cæsar, B.C. 44, to the government of Gaul Narbonensis and Nearer Spain. As one of his guest-friends, he supped with Cæsar on the evening before his assassination. Having the command of an army in the neighbourhood of Rome at this time, he lent efficient aid to Antony in his endeavour to seat himself in Cæsar's sovereignty. He was chosen Pontifex Maximus in succession to the dictator, and went to his government thereafter. He espoused the cause of Antony, in opposition to the senate, after his defeat at Mutina. He became a member of the triumvirate, among whom the government of the world was

divided. In the subsequent distribution made after the battles at Philippi, Lepidus had Africa allotted to him, and there he remained till B.C. 36. Summoned by Octavius to assist in his war against Sextus Pompeius, Lepidus, tired of occupying a subordinate position, endeavoured to acquire the dominion of Sicily for himself. Octavius speedily subdued him, deposed him from the triumvirate, deprived him of province and army, and commanded him to live in retirement, retaining only his dignity of pontifex, at Circeii. When he died, B.C. 13, Augustus assumed the position of Pontifex Maximus.

5. MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO was born on his father's property at the Volscian town of Arpinum, near the junction of the Fibrenus with the Liris (Garigliano), on 3d January B.C. 106. His father belonged to the class of Roman equites. Marcus and his brother Quintus were notably intelligent, even in boyhood, and while they were yet young, their father, for their better upbringing, removed to Rome, dwelling in the Carinæ, and assembling the best teachers he could procure in the capital, afforded them the best opportunities of cultivating their intellectual powers. Marcus mainly devoted himself to eloquence, philosophy, and statesmanship; and at an early age he appeared as a pleader in the public forum. After succeeding in several cases, he departed to Greece to extend his culture, and improve his health. There he remained two years, and thereafter resumed his position as a pleader. His success in the law courts led to his advancement in the state; in B.C. 75 he was quæstor in Sicily, in B.C. 69 curile-ædile, and in B.C. 66 prætor. On 1st January B.C. 63, although a *novus homo*, he entered on office as consul, with Caius Antonius as his colleague. During his term of office he crushed Catiline's conspiracy; for which he was hailed as the 'father of his country,' and thanksgivings to the gods were voted in his name. Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, the triumvirs, though he had helped their cause, left him to his fate; and Clodius, a man of infamous life, whom he had impeached, revengefully proposed a law to banish any one who had put a Roman citizen to death untried. Cicero betook himself to voluntary exile in Greece, whence he was next year recalled, B.C. 55. Suffering from a sense of undeserved humiliation, he withheld himself for a time from public life; but, B.C. 52, was, against his will, made governor of the East, and sent to Cilicia. He was returning, January 49, just when the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey was commenced. He, after

a good deal of shuffling, joined Pompey's party, and went over to Greece in June B.C. 49. The battle of Pharsalia was fought B.C. 48, and Cæsar became master of the world. The conqueror pardoned Cicero, and allowed him to return to Rome, which he did in B.C. 47. He lived in retirement, revising and editing his rhetorical writings, and composing several of his philosophical works. On the assassination of Cæsar, of which he was an eye-witness (*Letters to Atticus*, xiv, 10), he took the side of the republican conspirators, addressing a series of fierce philippics against Antony. Cicero's name was put upon the list of the proscribed by the Octavian triumvirate, 27th November B.C. 43. He tried to escape, was overtaken by the soldiery, 7th December, at Formiæ; his head and hands were instantly cut off and conveyed to Rome, where they were, by Antony's orders, nailed to the rostrum in the Forum, where his eloquence had been so frequently heard. He was a man of singular versatility and great gifts, intensely vain, self-seeking, and self-indulgent. His irresolution was less a hesitancy of disposition than a difficulty of foreseeing the probable results of affairs, and their possibilities as affecting him. He was arrogant in prosperity, and abject in adversity, placed too much weight upon the opinions of others, and had no well-resolved standard of right and worth fixed in his own spirit. Hence his spasmodic patriotism, his tergiversation, and his inability to form and keep a party.

6. PUBLIUS.—This is a Roman prænomen incorrectly used for a family name; probably Publius Silicius, who was a senator, a friend of Brutus, but not a conspirator.

7. POPILIUS LÆNA, a senator, who belonged to the aristocratical party, a member of the Popilian *gens*, noted for their cruelty, pride, and sternness.

8. MARCUS BRUTUS.—Marcus Junius Brutus, son of M. J. Brutus, who was *tribunus plebis* B.C. 83, and of his wife Servilia, half-sister of Cato of Utica, was born in the autumn of B.C. 85. When he was eight years old, his father, who was an adherent of the Marian faction, was by Pompey's orders put to death, B.C. 77, at Mutina (Modena). He was thereupon adopted by his uncle, Quintus Servilius Cæpio, whose name he sometimes received. Cato brought him up as a favourer of the aristocracy. In B.C. 49 he joined Pompey against Cæsar. The latter not only pardoned his opposition, but made him governor of Cisalpine Gaul, B.C. 46, and in B.C. 44 not only conferred on him the dignity of prætor of the city, but promised him the province of Macedonia.

Under the influence of Cassius he became leader in the conspiracy to assassinate Cæsar in the hope of restoring the old republic of the oligarchs. After Cæsar's death, having remained a short time in Rome, he proceeded to his Macedonian province, and was there joined by Cassius, who held command in Syria. These two united their forces against Octavius and Antony, and fought at Philippi two battles, in the one of which Brutus was victorious and Cassius was defeated, and in the other Brutus—Cassius having killed himself in despair—was overcome, and followed the example of Cassius in seeking immunity from vanquishment in suicide.

Brutus was a great reader and a busy writer; an industrious student both of literature and philosophy. Cicero recognised his claim to merit by giving his name to his *Dialogue on Illustrious Orators*. His works have perished; but from all that can be gleaned about them Brutus appears rather deficient in originality and wanting in true balance of judgment. Cicero describes him as one of the best known and most merciless of the money-lenders of Rome (*Letters to Atticus*, v, 18, 22, etc.; vi, 1-3, 21). Great wealth, gotten by ill means and increased by inexorable usury, does not seem to harmonise well with a genuine moral philosophy and a love of plain republican virtues, such as those with which the last of the Romans has usually been credited, and scarcely agrees with the character allotted to him by Cæsar as a despiser of 'so much gold as might be grasped thus,' when put in comparison with the mighty share of the large honours of which their conspiracy against Cæsar had made them worthy.

9. CASSIUS.—Caius Cassius Longinus, a member of one of the most illustrious of the patrician families of Rome, afterwards plebeianised. He was an intimate associate of Brutus, and had married his sister Junia; hence he is called his 'brother' (II, i, 70; IV, ii, 37; iii, 96, etc.). In B.C. 53 he acted as quæstor in the expedition of Crassus against the Parthians, and succeeded in rescuing about 500 cavalry, the only remnant of the army that escaped destruction. He afterwards defeated these victorious enemies when they besieged Antioch, and compelled them to retire from Syria. In B.C. 49 he was tribune of the plebs, took part with Pompey against Cæsar in the civil war, and commanded the fleet in the Hellespont. After the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48, he came upon Cæsar when he had only a single legion with him, and might easily have made the conqueror a prisoner; but immediately on being summoned to surrender he complied, and quietly acquiesced in the new

state of things. This, however, was only in appearance. His humiliation wounded his jealous and morose disposition, and he nursed a bitter enmity against Cæsar. He is generally credited with being the originator and the instigator of the conspiracy to assassinate Cæsar. Cassius claimed Syria as his province after the murder, and though the senate decreed Cyrene to him and Syria to Dolabella, he held to his purpose, made war on and defeated Dolabella (who committed suicide). Thereafter he proceeded to plunder Syria and Asia; but he was recalled by Brutus to aid him in withstanding Octavius and Antony at Philippi. In the first battle, undertaken against his advice, the left wing, which he commanded, was defeated, and under the impression that all was lost, he fell on his own sword and perished.

10. **CASCA**.—Publius Servilius Casca, tribune of the plebs in the year of Cæsar's assassination (*Dion Cassius*, xliv, 52).

11. **TREBONIUS**.—Caius Trebonius, one of Cæsar's lieutenants in the Gallic War, and one of his assistants in the invasion of Britain. He was the proposer of the Trebonian law which decreed the two Spains to Pompey, Syria to Crassus, and Gaul and Illyricum to Cæsar, for a second period of five years. In B.C. 48 he was city-prætor, and he succeeded Caius Cassius Longinus as proprætor in Further Spain, B.C. 47. Cæsar raised him to the consulship, B.C. 45, and promised him Asia as a province. After the murder, in which he took part, Trebonius seized the proconsulship of Asia; Dolabella resisted him; he surprised him in Smyrna, and slew him in bed, B.C. 43.

12. **LIGARIUS**.—Quintus Ligarius, in whose favour an oration delivered before Cæsar by Cicero is still extant. He had taken part with Pompey in the civil war and operated against Cæsar in Africa. He was living in exile in consequence, and Cicero defended him from an accusation that he had been too strong in his partisanship. Cæsar pardoned him, and he repaid his favour by aiding in the conspiracy. He perished in the proscription of the triumvirate, B.C. 43.

13. **DECIUS BRUTUS**.—This conspirator was Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus, son of Decimus Junius Brutus, who was consul B.C. 77, and grandson of Decimus Junius Brutus Callaicus, who had held the consular dignity B.C. 138. The error of Decius for Decimus occurred in the first printed edition of the Greek text of *Plutarch*, A.D. 1572, was reproduced in Henry Stephen's Latin version, and perpetuated in Amyot's as well as in Dacier's French translation, from the former of which it passed into North's English *Plutarch*, where



Shakespeare found it so given. The same error occurs in Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, and in Philemon Holland's version of *Suetonius*, 1606. This Decimus Brutus was adopted by Aulus Posthumius Albinus, who had been consul B.C. 99. He served under Cæsar, and destroyed the shipping of the Veneti in the Gallic War. He also took part with Cæsar in the civil war. Cæsar, who entertained great favour for him, in his will placed him in the second degree of succession after Octavius, gave him the province of Cisalpine Gaul, and had nominated him as consul B.C. 42. Yet he became one of the conspirators, and took a leading part in betraying Cæsar. Several letters between him and Cicero are extant. He seems to have been better able to be led than to lead. He held the province of Cisalpine Gaul, gifted by Cæsar to him, against Antony, who had it decreed to him by the people. The latter besieged him in Mutina, B.C. 43, but the siege being raised, he sought to escape to Marcus Brutus, in Macedonia. He was overtaken by the cavalry of Antony, having been betrayed by a Gaulish chief named Camillus, and was put to death, abjectly praying for mercy, B.C. 43.

14. METELLUS CIMBER.—In Plutarch's *Cæsar* the name is given Metellus Cimber (xliv), but in *Brutus* it is quoted as Tullius Cimber (xii); probably Atilius Cimber may be the proper name. At the time of the murder, Cæsar had nominated him to the government of Bithynia, and after that event he went thither and raised a fleet with which he co-operated with Brutus and Cassius against the triumvirate.

15. CINNA.—Lucius Cornelius Cinna, son of the famous leader of the Marian party during Sulla's absence in the East. Having attempted the overthrow of Sulla's laws, Cæsar, who had married his sister Cornelia, appointed him prætor, and otherwise held him in favourable estimation.

16, 17. FLAVIUS and MARULLUS.—Tribunes of the plebs. (See note, p. 16 *ante*.)

18. ARTEMIDORUS.—A native of Cnidus, a professor of Greek philosophy at Rome. There are extant five curious books entitled *Oneirocritica*; or *The Interpretation of Dreams*, collected by Artemidorus Daldianus, in which dreams are narrated, the results which followed and seemed to explain them are noted, and so a clue is striven to be attained to the meaning of dreams. The name, therefore, and its associations were favourable to Shakespeare's purposes; and hence this 'gift of Artemis,' the goddess whose arrows bring about sudden deaths, and whose sisterhood to Apollo made her an active averter of evils, is chosen to use

his unavailing exertions to avert the danger of sudden death with which Cæsar was threatened.

19. A SOOTHSAYER.—The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus, who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient (Tyrwhitt).

20. CINNA.—Caius Helvius Cinna, a poet of considerable renown, the friend of Catullus. Several of his epigrams are extant. He was at this time a tribune of the plebs, when he suffered the rage of the mob instead of his namesake, Lucius Cornelius Cinna.

21. A POET.—This is said to have been Marcus Favonius, an imitator of Cato Uticensis, whose character and conduct he copied so servilely, as to be nicknamed 'Cato's ape.'

22. MESSALA.—Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, a member of the republican party belonging to the Valerian gens. He fought with Brutus, his friend, at Philippi, B.C. 42, was pardoned by the triumvirs, and afterwards became one of the chief generals and friends of Augustus, on whose side he fought at the battle of Actium, B.C. 31. To him Horace addressed Ode III, 21. He subdued Aquitania, and gained a triumph in B.C. 28-27. He was a poet and historian. Plutarch made use of his *History of the Civil Wars*. He died between B.C. 3 and A.D. 3.

23. YOUNG CATO.—Statilius Porcius Cato, son of Cato of Utica, and brother of Portia, the wife of Brutus. When his father died by his own hand, Cæsar left the son unharmed. He was much censured for his fondness for pleasure. 'But he blotted out and destroyed all such ill-report by his death.'

24. VOLUMNIUS.—Publius Volumnius, of whom nothing seems to be known except what Plutarch relates (xlvi). C. W. Drumann, in a note to his *History of Rome*, i, p. 516, suggests that he was the boon companion of Antony, to whom several letters of Cicero are extant—P. Volumnius Eutrapelus.

I. CALPURNIA.—Daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul B.C. 58, the third and last wife of the dictator, to whom she was married B.C. 59, and whom she survived.

II. PORTIA, daughter of Cato Uticensis, who was first married to M. Bibulus, B.C. 59, and afterwards to Marcus Brutus. Some accounts state that she did not put an end to her own life till after her husband's death.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE following passages extracted from the epitome of the contents of certain of the lost books of Livy's *History*, which indicate what the original books contained, seem to agree so closely with the plan of the present tragedy, that they may be regarded as forming a pretty correct argument of this drama :

‘Cæsar triumphed a fifth time over Spain (I, i, 32). Very many and high honours were decreed him by the senate, among others, that he should be styled the father of his country, and sacred, and also that he should be perpetual dictator (708, B.C. 44). It afforded cause of odium against him, that he rose not to the senate when conferring these honours on him, as he was sitting before the shrine of *Venus Genetrix*; and that he laid aside on a chair the diadem, placed on his head by his colleague in the consulship, Marcus Antonius, who was running among the Lupercalians (I, ii); and that the magistracies were taken away from Epidius Marullus and Cæsetius Flavius, the tribunes of the people, who excited envy against him for aiming at the imperial dignity (I, i, ii, 280-282). For these reasons, a conspiracy was formed against him, the chiefs of which were Marcus Brutus and Caius Cassius, with two of his own partisans, Decimus Brutus and Caius Trebonius (I, ii; II, i). He was slain in Pompey’s senate house, with three-and-twenty wounds (V, i, 53), and the Capitol was seized on by his murderers (III, i). An act of amnesty having been passed by the senate in relation to his murder, and the children of Antony and Lepidus having been taken as hostages, the conspirators came down from the Capitol. Octavius, Cæsar’s nephew, was, by his will, made heir of half his possessions. Cæsar’s body was burned by the people in the Campus Martius, opposite the Rostrum (III, ii, 250-256) [Book cxvi].

‘Caius Octavius came to Rome from Epirus (III, i, 280), whither Cæsar had sent him to conduct the war in Macedonia; and having received favourable omens, assumed the name of Cæsar [Book cxvii].

‘Caius Cæsar became reconciled to Antonius and Lepidus, so that he and Lepidus and Antony formed a triumvirate, for the administration of the republic for five years (IV, i), and that they should proscribe each his particular enemies, in which proscription were included very many of the equestrian order, and one hundred and thirty senators (IV, iii, 175-177), among whom were Lucius

Paulus, the brother of Lepidus, Lucius Cæsar, Antony's uncle, and Marcus Tullius Cicero, whose head and right hand were placed on the Rostrum, where he was murdered, in his sixty-third year, by Popilius, a legionary soldier (IV, iii, 180-182) [Book cxx]. Cæsar and Antonius, with their armies, passed over into Greece, to make war against Brutus and Cassius (V, i) [Book cxxiii]. Caius Cæsar and Antony fought an indecisive battle with Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, in which the right wing of each army was victorious, and on both sides the camps were taken. The death of Cassius turned the scale of fortune, for being at the head of that wing which was beaten, he supposed the whole army was routed, and killed himself (V, iii). Afterwards, in another battle, Brutus, being overcome, put an end to his life, in his fortieth year, after entreating Strato, the companion of his flight, to drive a sword through him (V, v). Many others slew themselves [Book cxxiv]. Cæsar, leaving Antony to take care of the provinces beyond the sea, returned to Italy, and made a distribution of lands among the veterans [Book cxxv].

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[*Note.*—There was presented to the Greenock public library in October 1870, a copy of North's *Plutarch*, 1612. On being examined by Mr Allan Park Paton, the volume, which is in excellent condition, was found to have written on its title-page the words '*Vive: ut vivas: W. S. . . pretiū 18s.*' On the margin of *The Life of Julius Cæsar*, between brackets, 'Brute—Brutus' occurs, and the note, 'March 15,' is made opposite 'the Ides of March.' Several passages are marked in the book—seven in *Cæsar*, three in *Antony*, and three in *Brutus*. Other marks occur in the early lives; but these, and one in *Demosthenes*, are all that occur in the latter part. From these facts it has been inferred that the signature, handwriting, and markings may be Shakespeare's, and that, though he had no doubt been acquainted with North's *Plutarch* at an earlier date, this may have been a copy of the 1612 edition, bought by Shakespeare for his own library and use.]

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of JULIUS CÆSAR.*  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

CICERO,  
PUBLIUS, } *Senators.*  
POPILIUS LENA, }

MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS, } *Conspirators against JULIUS CÆSAR.*  
DECIUS BRUTUS,  
METELLUS CIMBER,  
CINNA, }

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *A Poet.*

*Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, and VOLUMNIUS,  
—*Friends to BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,—  
*Servants to BRUTUS.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to CASSIUS.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to CÆSAR.*

PORTIA, *Wife to BRUTUS.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, Soldiers, *etc.*

SCENE.—*During a great part of the Play at ROME; afterwards  
at SARDIS, and near PHILIPPI.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—ROME. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk

Upon a labouring day without the sign

Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? 5

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, 10

I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade? 16

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow! 20

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork. 27

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets? 29

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? 35  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, 40  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout, 45  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday? 50  
And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague 55  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream 60  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:  
This way will I: disrobe the images 65  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, 70  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing  
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
 Who else would soar above the view of men,  
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

75  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—ROME. *A public Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following: among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[Music ceases.  
 Calphurnia,—

Cæs.

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way  
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

5

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
 To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,  
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
 Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

10

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Music.

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again.

[Music ceases.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

15

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
 Cry, *Cæsar*. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you *beware the ides of March*.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

20

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

25



*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
I'll leave you. 30

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have :  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you. 35

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd : if I have vail'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself, 40  
Which gives some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—  
Nor construe any further my neglect 45  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;  
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus, 55  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—  
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus, 60  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ? 65

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70  
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protester ; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard, 75  
 And after scandal them ; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear the people  
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it? 80  
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.—  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
 What is it that you would impart to me?  
 If it be aught toward the general good, 85  
 Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently ;  
 For, let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
 I cannot tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be as live to be 95  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he. 100  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, 105  
 And bade him follow : so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy :  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, 110  
 Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink !*  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man 115  
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark 120  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans 125  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius*,  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world, 130  
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout: flourish.

*Bru.* Another general shout!  
 I do believe that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.  
*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world 135  
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; 145  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout.  
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? 155  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king. 160

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 165  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear: and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us. 175

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero 185  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cas.* Antonius. 190

*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cas.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. 195

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cas.* Would he were fatter!—But I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid 200

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort 205  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with  
me? 215

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us, what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad?

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd. 219

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being  
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and  
then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for? 225

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time  
gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest  
neighbours shouted. 230

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it  
was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony  
offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one  
of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once:  
but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.  
Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again:  
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.  
And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time  
by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and  
clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty

night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 248

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness. 254

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself? 259

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less. 271

*Bru.* And after that he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek. 275

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 283

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: farewell, both.

[*Exit.* 290

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form. 295  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 300  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought 305  
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, 310  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely 315  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—ROME. *A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CÍCERO.*

*Cic.* Good-even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cícero, 5  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave,—you know him well by sight,—  
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn 16  
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
 Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—  
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20  
 Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
 Without annoying me : and there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. 25  
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—they are natural ;* 30  
 For I believe they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

*Casca.* He doth ; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good-night, then, Casca : this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.* 40

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there ?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45  
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,



Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:  
 And when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open 50  
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send 55  
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life  
 That should be in a Roman you do want,  
 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, 60  
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens;  
 But if you would consider the true cause  
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;  
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate; 65  
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
 Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
 To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find  
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70  
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
 Most like this dreadful night  
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol,— 75  
 A man no mightier than thyself or me  
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80  
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed they say the senators to-morrow 85  
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
 In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: 90  
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ; 95  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I : 100  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?  
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep : 105  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate 110  
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman ; then I know  
My answer must be made : but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

*Casca.* You speak to Casca ; and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made. 120  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
And I do know by this they stay for me 125  
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait ;  
He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna? 135

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party,—

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax 145  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit CINNA.*]  
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire, 155  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—ROME. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

5

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the question:  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that—  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

10

15

20

25

30

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found

35

[*Giving him a letter.*

This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

40

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them. 45

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.—*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up. 50

*Shall Rome, etc.* Thus must I piece it out,—  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated then 55

To speak and strike! O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 60

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream: 65

The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door 70  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them 75  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day  
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80  
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
 Hide it in smiles and affability:  
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
 To hide thee from prevention. 85

*Enter* CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,  
*and* TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
 Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake all night.  
 Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here 90  
 But honours you; and every one doth wish  
 You had but that opinion of yourself  
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
 This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too. 95

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna;  
 And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
 What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
 Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? 100

[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines  
 That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd. 105  
 Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
 Which is a great way growing on the south,  
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
 Some two months hence up higher toward the north  
 He first presents his fire; and the high east 110  
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— 115  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120  
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word 125  
 And will not palter ? and what other oath  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls 130  
 That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,  
 To think that or our cause or our performance 135  
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140  
*Cas.* But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?  
 I think he will stand very strong with us.  
*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.  
*Cin.* No, by no means.  
*Met.* O, let us have him ; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion, 145  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :  
 It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;  
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.  
*Bru.* O, name him not : let us not break with him ; 150  
 For he will never follow anything  
 That other men begin.  
*Cas.* Then leave him out.  
*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.  
*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?  
*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet 155  
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
 Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him  
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,  
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all : which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together. 160

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,—  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar : 165  
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :  
O that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas, 170  
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 175  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him ;

For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—  
*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him : 185

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar :  
And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him ; let him not die ; 190  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no :  
For he is superstitious grown of late ; 195  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :  
It may be these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.



*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd  
 I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205  
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:  
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
 He says he does,—being then most flatter'd.  
 Let me work;  
 For I can give his humour the true bent, 210  
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, 215  
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus:  
 And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember  
 What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
 Let not our looks put on our purposes; 225  
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
 With untir'd spirits and formal constancy;  
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? it is no matter;  
 Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber: 230  
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies  
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?  
 It is not for your health thus to commit 235  
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,  
 Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not; 245  
But with an angry wafture of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, 255  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed. 260

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,—  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night, 265  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of: and upon my knees 270  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night 275  
Have had resort to you,—for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But as it were in sort or limitation,—  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs 285  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

290

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.

295

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

I have made strong proof of my constancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

300

Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

305

The secrets of my heart:

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste.

[*Exit PORTIA.*]

Lucius, who is't that knocks?

*Enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how!

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

315

*Lig.* I am not sick if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,

320

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

325

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And with a heart new fir'd I follow you  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—ROME. *A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!*—Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, 5  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [Exit.

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar they are vanquished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use, 25  
And I do fear them!

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die there are no comets seen; 30  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear; 35  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?  
*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he: 45  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible:—  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well; 55  
And for thy humour I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! good-morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time, 60  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie? 65

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will,—I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know,—

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home : 75

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it :

And these does she apply for warnings and portents, 80

And evils imminent ; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. 90

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now,—the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come, 95

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock,

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

*Break up the senate till another time,*

*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper, 100

*Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?*

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.— 106

Give me my robe, for I will go :

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?— 110

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights

Is notwithstanding up.—

Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.— 120

Now, Cinna;—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, *[Aside.*  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 126

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ROME. *A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS *reading a paper.*

*Art.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come  
not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius;  
mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not;  
thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind  
in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest  
not immortal, look about you: security gives way to con-  
spiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
 And as a suitor will I give him this.  
 My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
 Out of the teeth of emulation.  
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;  
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

10

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—ROME. *Another part of the same Street,  
 before the House of BRUTUS.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
 Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there and here again  
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

5

O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—  
 Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

10

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
 For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
 Hark, boy! what noise is that?

15

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:  
 I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow: 20  
 Which way hast thou been?

*Art.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Art.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Art.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

25



*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Art.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 29

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.  
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: 35  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!— 40  
Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. 45  
[*Exeunt severally.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.*  
*Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place. 10

*Cas.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the  
Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*[Advances to CÆSAR.]*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

15

*Cas.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, 25

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exeunt ANT. and TREB. CÆSAR and the Senators  
take their seats.]*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd: press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

*Casca.* Are we all ready?

*Cas.* What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— 35

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond 40

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished: 45

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own, 50  
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear  
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,  
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal. 55

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cæs.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd if I were as you;  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: 60  
 But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,—  
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine; 65

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
 So in the world,—'tis furnish'd well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
 Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank, 70  
 Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it even in this,—

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus? 75

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold  
 of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Con-  
 spirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar!

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets. 80

*Cæs.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
 Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

*Bru.* People and senators! be not affrighted;  
 Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too. 95

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance,—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius. 90

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers. 95

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd:  
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit: 105

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth even to the market-place, 110  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, *Peace, freedom, and liberty!*

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown! 115

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty. 120

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Servant.*

A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; 125  
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—  
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
 Say I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him; 130  
 Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead 135  
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state  
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman: 140  
 I never thought him worse.  
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
 Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [Exit. 145

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind  
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low? 150  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit 155  
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
 With the most noble blood of all this world.  
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, 160  
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age. 165

*Bru.* O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As by our hands and this our present act  
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done : 170  
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity,—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony : 175  
Our arms no strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities. 180

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom. 185  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—  
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;— 190  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.— 195

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :  
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, 200—  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies. 205

Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;  
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe.—  
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.— 210  
 How like a deer stricken by many princes  
 Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
 Then in a friend it is cold modesty. 215

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
 But what compáct mean you to have with us?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed, 220  
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle: 225  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:  
 And am moreover suitor that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place; 230  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
 You know not what you do: do not consent [*Aside to BRU.*  
 That Antony speak in his funeral: 235  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;—  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest 240  
 He speaks by leave and by permission;  
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall; I like it not. 245

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;

And say you do't by our permission ;  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all 250  
 About his funeral : and you shall speak  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us. 255

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood ! 260  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife 265  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ; 270  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Até by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
 Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war ; 275  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome. 280

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming ;  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar !— [Seeing the body.]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes, 285

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :



Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 290  
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
 Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;  
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take 295  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
 According to the which thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—ROME. *The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—  
 Cassius, go you into the other street,  
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; 5  
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
 And public reasons shall be rendered  
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,  
 When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause;  
 and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine hon-  
 our; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe:  
 censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that  
 you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,  
 any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to  
 Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand  
 why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not  
 that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had  
 you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that  
 Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me,  
 I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he  
 was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew  
 him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour

for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 32

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: 39

*Enter ANTONY and others with CÆSAR'S body.*

who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 45

*Citizens.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus. 50

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and

*Bru.* My countrymen,— [clamours.

2 *Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And for my sake stay here with Antony: 55

Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit. 60

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake I am beholden to you. [Goes up.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake 65

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say. 70

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Citizens.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ; 75

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, 80

For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ; 85

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept : 90

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown, 95

Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know. 100

You all did love him once,—not without cause.

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 105

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

- 3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place. 110
- 4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious. [crown;
- 1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
- 2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
- 3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
- 4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak. 116
- Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir 120  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, 125  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—  
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament,—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,— 130  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy 135  
Unto their issue.
- 4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
- Citizens.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
- Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you. 140  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you,—it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it! 145
- 4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.
- Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:  
I fear I wrong the honourable men 150  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
- 4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!
- Citizens.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : the will ! read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ? 155

Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*Citizens.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [ANTONY comes down. 160

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony,—most noble Antony !

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off. 165

*Citizens.* Stand back ; room ; bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, 170

That day he overcame the Nervii :—

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 175

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O, you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him ! 180

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ; 185

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 190

O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors. 195

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight! 200

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge,—about,—seek,—  
burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony. 204

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;—  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it;—they are wise and honourable, 210  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well 215

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know; 220

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move 225

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Citizens.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. 230

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then.—

You have forgot the will I told you of. 235

*Citizens.* Most true;—the will:—let's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death. 240

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards 245  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never.—Come away, away! 250

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches. 255

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot.  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow!

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he? 260

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us anything.

*Serv.* I heard him say Brutus and Cassius 265  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—ROME. *A Street.*

*Enter CINNA the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name? 5

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

10

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly.—Wisely, I say I am a bachelor.

16

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

20

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

25

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

30

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius', burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—ROME. *A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

5

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.



*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

10

*Oct.* Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him; 15  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off, 25  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will:  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius: and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender: 30  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;— 35  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On abject orts and imitations,  
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius 40  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;  
And let us presently go sit in council, 45  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50  
Millions of mischiefs. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before BRUTUS's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers;  
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master.

[PIN. gives a letter to BRU. 5

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done undone: but if he be at hand  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;  
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect enough; 15  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur, 25  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

*Bru.* Hark! he is arriv'd: 30  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! speak the word along.

*Within* 1. Stand!

*Within* 2. Stand!

35

*Within* 3. Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40  
And when you do them,—

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away; 45

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* BRUTUS.

*Enter* BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; 10

To sell and mart your offices for gold

To undeservers.

*Cas.* *I an itching palm!*

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption, 15

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* *Chastisement!*

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours 25  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,—  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; 35  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* *All this!* ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch 45  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen  
Though it do split you; for from this day forth  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this? 50

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better: 56  
Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

60

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for. 65

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— 70

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection;—I did send 75

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool that brought

My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart: 85

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world; 95

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a notebook, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger, 100  
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know, 105  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger :  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110  
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ? 115

*Bru.* When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.*

O Brutus,—

*Bru.*

What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me 120  
 Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,  
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;  
 There is some grudge between 'em ; 'tis not meet 125  
 They be alone.

*Lucil.* [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* How now ! what's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ? 130  
 Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;  
 For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion. 135

*Bru.* I'll know his humour when he knows his time :

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?  
Companion, hence !

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone ! [*Exit* Poet.

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCIL. and TIT.

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine !

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use 145  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia !

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?— 150  
O insupportable and touching loss !—  
Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ; for with her death  
That tidings came ;—with this she fell distract, 155  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods.

*Enter* LUCIUS *with wine and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.* 161

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius !

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala !— 165  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony 170  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus  
Have put to death an hundred senators. 175

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one. 180

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her? 185

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: 190  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure. 195

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently!

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us: 201  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground 206  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encourag'd; 210  
From which advantage shall we cut him off  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.



*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside, 215  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men 220  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves, 225  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest. 230  
There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good-night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good  
Good-night, Titinius;—noble, noble Cassius, [*Messala:—*  
Good-night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother! 235  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Everything is well.

*Cas.* Good-night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good-night, good brother.

*Tit. and Mes.* Good-night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one. 240  
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudius and some other of my men;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent. 245

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;  
It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius. 250

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown. 255

[*VAR. and CLAUD. lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy: 260  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already. 265

*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;  
I will not hold thee long: if I do live  
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy 270

That plays the music?—Gentle knave, good-night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.—

Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down 275

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou anything? 280

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi. 285

*Bru.* Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.— [*Exit Ghost.*  
Now, I have taken heart thou vanishest :  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.— 290  
Boy Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—sirs, awake!—  
Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake! 295

*Luc.* My lord?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord. 300

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!  
Fellow, thou, awake!

*Var.* My lord?

*Clau.* My lord?

*Bru.* Why did you cry so out, sirs, in your sleep? 305

*Var. and Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you anything?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow. 310

*Var. and Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content

To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately. 15

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.* 20

*Drum.* *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS,  
TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth; the generals would have some words. 25

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:  
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, 31  
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

*Cas.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too. 35

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cas.* *Flatterers!*—Now, Brutus, thank yourself: 45

This tongue had not offended so to-day  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,—

50

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?—  
Never till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

55

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

60

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

*Ant.* Old Cassius still?

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away!—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

65

[*Exeunt OCT., ANT., and their Army.*]

*Cas.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.*

My lord?

[*BRU. and LUCIL. converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala,—

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala, 70

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

75

You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us:  
This morning are they fled away and gone;

80

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us, 85  
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly;  
For I am fresh of spirit; and resolv'd 90  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain, 95  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you, then, determin'd to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy 100  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself.—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life:—arming myself with patience 105  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman, 110  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March began;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take: 115  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed; 120  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on.—O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come?  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.* 125

SCENE II.—THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI. *The Field of Battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
 Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*  
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 5  
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI. *Another part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.  
*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early; 5  
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil:  
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! 10  
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius! fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;  
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, 15  
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
 And here again, that I may rest assur'd  
 Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20  
 My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

*[Exit PINDARUS.]*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,

And where I did begin there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news? 25

*Pin.* [*above.*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—  
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;— 30  
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—  
He's ta'en;—and, hark! they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah: 35

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!  
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword, 40  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;  
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.* 45

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius 50  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill. 55

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, 60  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—



The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;  
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !  
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. 65  
 O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
 The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee ! 70

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet  
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
 Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;  
 For piercing steel and darts envenomed 75  
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
 As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MESSALA.  
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?  
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they 80  
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
 And bid me giv't thee ? Didst thou not hear their shouts ?  
 Alas, thou hast misconstru'd everything.  
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;  
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I 85  
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
 By your leave, gods.—This is a Roman's part :  
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Dies.

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO,  
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ? 90

*Mes.* Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !  
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
 In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

*Cato.* Brave Titinius ! 95

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome  
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears 100

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—  
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body :  
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—  
 And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—  
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on :—  
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

105

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then*  
*BRUTUS, YOUNG CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho ! [*Charges the enemy.*

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus !

[*Exit, charging the enemy. YOUNG CATO*  
*is overpowered, and falls.*

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

*1 Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.*

Only I yield to die ?

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*1 Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

*2 Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*1 Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

20



Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 25  
 Thou know'st that we two went to school together :  
 Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
 Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here. 30

*Bru.* Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
 My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,  
 I found no man but he was true to me. 35

I shall have glory by this losing day  
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history : 40  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly !'*

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLI., DAR., and VOL.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ; 45  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :  
 Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still : 50  
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and Army ;  
 MESSALA and LUCILIUS, prisoners.*

*Oct.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ; 55  
 For Brutus only overcame himself,  
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain them. 60  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

65

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

70

He only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

75

*Oct.* According to his virtue, let us use him  
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,

80

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

# NOTES.

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

1. *A rabble of citizens.* 'Certain commoners' is the term used by Shakespeare here in the folio 1623. It is thus a correct translation of the term *plebs* or *plebes*, which 'was used to denote those members of the community at large whose means were small, and whose station was humble. Hence by the writers who flourished during the last century of the republic and under the empire the name *plebs* was applied to the whole mass of poor citizens, and is frequently employed disparagingly in the sense of the *mob* or *rabble*'—W. Ramsay's *Roman Antiquities*, p. 66. See *Rabble* (*Coriolanus*, I, i, 222) and *Rabblement* (*Julius Caesar*, I, ii, 242). 'It has been objected . . . that Shakespeare has painted his Roman mobs like English ones, and not as the Roman people really were. . . . After all, human nature is the same in all countries, and the uninstructed many everywhere present the same grotesque features when in action'—J. A. Heraud's *Shakespeare: His Inner Life*, p. 368.
2. *Holiday.* The Roman holidays (*Festi dies*) were fixed by law. As far as concerned religion and common life, they were—*Fasti*, in which legal business could be done; *Nefasti*, in which the courts were closed. *Fasti*, or almanacs of holidays, were set up publicly for general reference, and hence the question of Flavius.
3. *Mechanical*—handicraftsmen; working-men.
4. *Labouring day*—ordinary working day; opposed to holiday.
5. *Profession*—calling, trade, occupation.
8. *Best apparel*—holiday clothing (I, i, 49).
15. *Naughty*—good for nothing, worthless.
- 17, 18. *Out with*—offended at; *out*, worn in the shoes.
27. *Neat's-leather*—cow-hide. Compare—'Any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather' (*Tempest*, II, ii, 66). Cotgrave, under *Vache*, gives a cow; also neat's-leather; and Leontes says:  

'The steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
 Are all called neat'—*Winter's Tale*, I, ii, 125, 126.
31. *To see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.* This, the fifth and last triumph of Caius Julius Caesar, was celebrated in October

- B.C. 45, in honour of his victory over Cneius and Sextus Pompey, sons of his great rival, at the battle of Munda, in Baetica, to the west of Malaga in Spain, which was fought on the Feast of Bacchus, 17th March, in that same year.
33. *Wherefore rejoice?* etc. 'The high strain of eloquence, the true pathos, the courageous tone of Marullus' speech to the mob, should not pass unnoticed; the honest tribune does not appear again in the play, but yet these few words display a gifted intellect and a noble heart'—REV. D. MATTHIAS, M.A.
- 38, 43. *Pompey . . . great Pompey.* Cneius Pompeius Magnus, son of Cneius Pompeius Strabo, was born 30th September 106 B.C.; assassinated 29th September B.C. 48.
52. *In triumph over Pompey's blood*—Pompey's blood descendants.
58. *Sort*—kind, class. *Acts* xvii, 5.
66. *Ceremonies.* The origin of this Latin word is unknown. Some connect it with *curare*, to care for or regard. In Latin it always signifies sacred usages, the external acts of religious service. In English it signifies external civility, or the shows of state (I, ii, 11). Here Shakespeare seems to employ it as referring to trophies, scarfs (I, ii, 281). In II, i, 197, and ii, 13, it is employed like superstitions.
68. *The feast of Lupercal.* 'The Festival of Faunus commenced on the Ides (13th) of February, and on the 15th the solemnities of the *Lupercalia* were celebrated. . . . On the last-mentioned day a body of priests [who were of the best Roman families], called *Luperci*, . . . assembled at the *Lupercal*, a sacred enclosure on the Palatine, where a sacrifice of goats and dogs was offered up. The *Luperci* then stripped themselves naked, threw the goat-skins over their shoulders, and, brandishing in their hands thongs cut from the hides, ran through the most frequented streets of the city, smiting all whom they encountered, especially married women, who eagerly offered themselves to receive the lash, since it was supposed to confer fertility.'
- At this particular 'Feast of Lupercal' a company of Julian flamens or priests had been raised to a dignity equal to the other priests of Pan, and therefore this festival was, in some measure, in honour of Julius Cæsar, who presided at it, seated in a golden chair set before the rostrum, transferred by him to a corner of the Forum. Hence the fear of Marullus (I, i, 67, 68) to meddle with the trophies at such a special time.
76. 'As in so many of Shakespeare's plays, so here in a marked degree the opening scene strikes the key-note of the coming drama. We are at once introduced to a conflict of feelings and interests, the crowd sympathising with Cæsar, the tribunes with the aristocratic Pompeian party; and this is an exact representation of the whole drama in miniature—the two parties are balanced, until the decisive battle in the last act. First Cæsar is in the ascendant; then, with his assassina-

tion, the senatorial party triumph, soon, however, to wither out of Rome before the fiery blasts of Antony's eloquence. They again, as their fortunes in turn improve, collect a large army in the East, but only to succumb finally at Philippi. There is contest and struggle, alternate success and defeat for either party all through the drama, and to this state of things the opening scene is the prelude'—REV. D. MATTHIAS, M.A.

## SCENE II.

1. *Calpurnia*. In the folio 1623, this name is given as 'Calphurnia,' and in North's *Plutarch*, both this form and that of the more correct Calpurnia appear. Shakespeare probably chose the softer sounded name as better indicative of gentle womanliness.
  3. *In Antonius' way, when he doth run his course*. Antony was the chief of the Julian Luperci, and had here entered prepared to run the course or race which, as a priest of the Lupercal, he was bound to run.
  10. '*Do this*'—*Luke* vii, 8.
  15. *Press*—through (I, ii, 21), crowd. *Mark* ii, 4; v, 27, 30; *Luke* viii, 19; xix, 3.
  18. *Beware* is a compound of *be* and *ware*. See 2 *Tim.* iv, 15.
  - 18, 19, 23. *The Ides of March*. *Ides* is derived from the Etruscan *iduo*, I divide, and hence signify the middle of the month. In March, May, July, and October the Ides were reckoned as the 15th, and in all other months they occurred on the 13th.
  - 33, 34. *That . . . as*. *As*, though properly a conjunction, is occasionally used as a relative pronoun; it is here the objective governed by *have*, and equivalent to *which* or *that*.
  - 34, 47. *Show of love*—due civility, outward tokens of respect.
  37. *Be not deceived*—I *Cor.* xv, 33. *Veiled my look*—put on an appearance of calmness.
  41. *Proper*—relating and belonging to.
  48. *Passion*. From *pator*, I suffer; the feeling under which you suffer.
  52. *The eye sees not itself*, etc. So says Sir John Davies in *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599:  
 ' Mine eyes which view all objects nigh and farre,  
 Look not into this little world of mine,  
 Nor see my face wherein they fixèd are '—Sect. I, 5-8.
- In *The Parasitaster*, by John Marston, 1606, we have:
- ' The eye sees all things but its proper self '—STEEVENS.
- 54-58. '*Tis just . . . see your shadow*. Compare—  
 ' Even in the glasses of thine eyes  
 I see thy grieved heart '—*Richard II*, I, iii, 208, 209.
  59. *Best respect*—highest note; noblest position and character.



65. *That which is not in me.* This line finely suggests the thorough ingenuousness and innocence of Brutus in the matter of the murder, till the affair is mooted to him by Cassius, who is the arch-conspirator. It means 'What I am not conscious of.'
66. *Therefore* shows that Cassius impetuously proceeds with his intended speech without heed of the question Brutus has put.
- 68-70. *I, your glass . . . yet know not of.* Compare *Prov.* xxvii, 19.
71. *Jealous*—suspicious; at line 162, doubtful.
73. *To stale*—to make of little worth. *Antony and Cleopatra*—  
     'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
     Her infinite variety'—II, ii, 240.
76. *Scandal*—defame, traduce, 'speak revilingly of.' Compare—  
     'Scandaled the suppliants for the people'—*Coriolanus*, III, i, 90.
79. *Fear.* By the use of this word Shakespeare subtly indicates the character of the feeling entertained by Brutus towards Cæsar, and at the same time supplies the link by which Cassius may lay hold on him as a partner in conspiracy.
86. *Set honour*, etc. So Hotspur in *2 Henry IV*:  
     'Send danger from the east unto the west,  
     So honour cross it from the north to south,  
     And let them grapple'—I, iii, 197-199.
87. *Indifferently*—impartially.
- 88, 89, *I love the name . . . death.* That is, I prefer an honourable reputation more than I can fear death.
91. *Favour*—appearance; that which excites partiality, and induces favour. So we have it in *Troilus and Cressida*, IV, v, 213. See *Prov.* xxxi, 30. Bacon says: 'In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour'—*Essays*, xliii. Also, 'As St James (i, 23, 24) saith, they are as men, that look sometimes into a glasse, and presently forget their own shape and favour'—*Essays*, xxvii.
109. *Controversy*—sturdy opposition.
110. *Arrive*—now requires *at* to signify reach.
112. *Æneas.* See *Æneid*, ii, 705-729; *2 Henry VI*, V, ii, 61-65.
116. *This man is now become a god.* 'Men striving who should most honour him, they made him hateful and troublesome to themselves that most favoured him, by reason of the immeasurable greatness and honours which they gave him'—Plutarch's *Julius Cæsar*, xxxix. Dion Cassius relates (xliii, 14) that a large statue of Cæsar was made, which was supported on a figure of the earth, on which there was this inscription—*Semideus*—half-god.
129. *Temper*—temperament, constitution of body—Plutarch's *Cæsar*, 16.
136. *Colossus*—any statue greatly exceeding life-size. The Colossus of Rhodes was reckoned one of the Seven Wonders of the

World. It represented Phoebus Apollo, the deity of the Rhodians. It was cast in separate pieces of metal, and took twelve years in the casting. Its erection was completed about 281 B.C., but it was thrown down during an earthquake about sixty years afterwards. It cost three hundred talents, and was ninety feet, if not cubits, in height. The particular colossus most probably in the mind of Cassius was the statue of Jupiter in the Capitol, made from the armour of the Samnites, and so large that it could be seen from the Alban Hills.

140. *The fault . . . not in our stars.* See *Lear*, I, ii, 117-126.  
 147. *Start*—raise; bring forth from the other world.  
 151. *Noble bloods*—high-born patricians, men of spirit, notable in lineage—*Lear*, I, iii, 40; *King John*, II, i, 278.  
 152. *Great flood.* Probably not the Noahic deluge (*Gen.* vi-viii), but the legendary flood of Deucalion (*Ovid's Metamorphoses*, i, 240-405).  
 156. *Rome . . . room.* The pronunciation of these words seems to have been alike. See *King John*, III, i, 180.  
 159. *There was a Brutus*, etc. 'Marcus Brutus came of that [Lucius] Junius Brutus [a patrician consul, B.C. 509], for whom the ancient Romans made his statue of brass to be set up in the Capitol, with the images of the kings, holding a naked sword in his hand, because he had valiantly put down the Tarquins 'from the kingdom of Rome' [see *Livy*, ii, 1-4]—*Plutarch's Lives* by North, *Brutus*, i, Skeat's edition, p. 105. These lines are a reproduction of the statement of Dion Cassius, that 'Lucius Junius Brutus would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a devil as to the lasting government of a king.' The elder Brutus forms one of the *dramatis personæ* in *Coriolanus*. See also Shakespeare's character of him in *Lucrece*, 1807-1855. He speaks of—

'The Roman Brutus

Covering discretion with a coat of folly"—*Henry V*, II, iv, 37.

163. *Aim*—guess, conjecture—2 *Henry IV*, III, i, 83.  
 171. *Chew*—ruminate, reflect, think over.  
 174. *These . . . as.* We should now say *such . . . as*; *as* is here again a relative.  
 194. *Lean and hungry look.* Antony calls him 'the lean and wrinkled Cassius'—*Antony and Cleopatra*, III, xi, 37.  
 204. *Hears no music.* So Lorenzo says, *Merchant of Venice*:

'The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus;  
 Let no such man be trusted'—*V*, i, 83-88.

205. *Sort*—mode, manner. Compare—'I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort'—*Coriolanus*, I, iii, 1, 2; and—

'*Prospero*. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed'—*Tempest*, IV, i, 146, 147.

209. *Whiles*. *While* was originally a noun meaning 'time;' of that, *whiles* is the old genitive, and is used for 'of or during the time,' 'up till the time when,' etc. Compare—

'Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me,'  
—*As You Like It*, IV, iii, 47, 48.

'Nay, there's comfort in't  
Whiles other men have gates, and these gates opened  
As mine against their will'—*Winter's Tale*, I, ii, 197-198.

213. *Come on my right hand*. This is said to get Antony between him and Cassius, whom he fears, though to conceal his apprehension, he excuses the change of position sought by pleading deafness.
250. *Foamed at mouth*. The definite article is thus frequently omitted where we would insert it, as *Tempest*, II, ii, 59, 'at nostrils;' *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 73, 'at palace;' *Coriolanus*, IV, i, 47, 'at gate;' IV, vii, 4, 'at end,' etc.
252. *Falling sickness*. Because the Comitia, or general assembly of the Roman people, was stopped if any person present was seized with this distemper, known now as epilepsy, the disease was called *Morbus comitialis*. Suetonius mentions, in his *Life of Julius Caesar*, (c. 45) that 'he was on two occasions seized with the comitial sickness during the course of public business.'
261. *Plucked me*. *Me* here is a redundant objective, but it imparts lively personality to the narrative. See also *Merchant of Venice*, I, iii, 85, 'peeled me;' II, iii, 99, 'give me;' *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 'steps me,' IV, iv, 9, and I *Henry IV*, IV, iii, 75; 'made me . . . followed me,' I *Henry IV*, II, iv, 233, 241; 'knocks me,' *Taming of the Shrew*, I, ii, 8.
263. *Occupation*—handicraft, skill in such business.
275. *He spoke Greek*. 280. *It was Greek to me*. When Cicero came back from Greece to Rome, 'at the first he proceeded very warily and discreetly, and did unwillingly seek for any office; and when he did he was not greatly esteemed; for they commonly called him the "Greek," and the "Pedant," which are two words which the artificers and such base mechanical people at Rome have ever at their tongues' end'—Plutarch's *Cicero*, v.
285. *Promised forth*—pre-engaged.
- 291, 292. *Blunt . . . quick*. These quibbling puns are contraries—*blunt* signifying dull, obtuse, and rude or uncivil; *quick* meaning sharp, keen, clever.
301. *Come home to*—visit on friendly terms.
303. *Think of the world*—consider the state of affairs in, and the political condition of, the world.

- 306-308. *It is meet . . . seduced.* Compare the saying of Menander, quoted by St Paul, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners'—1 *Cor.* xv, 33. 'Therefore let men take heed of their company'—2 *Henry IV*, V, i; and *Prov.* xiii, 20.
309. *Bear me hard.* 'Evidently an old phrase for "does not like me," "bears me a grudge"'—G. L. CRAIK. It occurs again, II, i, 215, and III, i, 159, and nowhere else in Shakespeare. It is found also in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, IV, v, 67.
311. *Humour me*—work me to his humour; manage to change my mind. 'There was this distinction between Brutus and Cassius, that the former hated *royalty*, and the latter hated *Cesar*'—REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.
312. *Hands*—styles of writing, as if by several distinct persons.

## SCENE III.

*Scene iii.* See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv, 783-806, and Virgil's *Georgics*, i, 463-497.

20. *Against*—over against, right opposite to.

26. *The bird of night*—the owl, which has from the earliest times been regarded with dislike and dread by the superstitious, partly from the suddenness of its flitting out in the darkness, partly from the dreary monotony of its tone, and partly from its inclination to dwell amidst ruins or in solitudes. It was believed by the ancients to suck the blood of young children. In *Lucrece*, 165, Shakespeare speaks of—

'No noise but owls and wolves' death-boding cries;'

and in 1 *Henry VI* the French general calls Talbot—

'Thou ominous and fearful owl of death'—IV, ii, 15.

In the *Antiquitates Vulgares*; or, *The Antiquities of the Common People*, as quoted in Hazlitt's edition of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, iii, 194, we read that, 'if an owl, which is reckoned a most abominable and unlucky bird, send forth its hoarse and dismal voice, it is an omen of the approach of some terrible thing; that some dire calamity and some great misfortune is at hand.' From Golding's *Ovid*, 1567, Shakespeare might have learned—

'The furies made the bridegroom's bed, and on the house did rucke [croak?]  
A cursèd owl, the messenger of ill successe and lucke.'

32. *Climate.* 'The old geographical division of the globe into so many climates had no reference [as the word climate has now] to differences of temperature'—G. L. CRAIK.
34. *Construe things after their fashion*—interpret appearances as they are in the habit of doing.
49. *Thunderstone* (see *Othello*, V, ii, 235; *Cymbeline*, IV, ii, 271)—one of the old common names of belemnites—the hard internal shelly part of a fossil cephalopod, a sort of cuttle-

fish, found in all the oolitic and cretaceous strata, having the appearance of a solid conical or tapering sheath, shaped like the top of an Italian iron, and variously named arrow-heads, petrified fingers, spectre-candles, picks, and, as here, thunderstone, because formerly supposed to be meteoric stones discharged from the sky during thunderstorms.

63. *All these fires*, etc. See lines 10, 15-18, 49-51, *supra*.
65. *Calculate*—reflect, become wise before their time.
77. *Prodigious grown*—become the cause of prodigies, monstrous, unnatural—*Troilus and Cressida*, V, i, 100.
81. *Thews and limbs*—flesh and bone; outward presence and bodily form.
89. *Dagger then*. Cassius means not at that time, but in that case.
- 93, 94. *Nor stony tower . . . strong links of iron*. Francis, 'the dramatic Censor,' proposed that these lines 'should be transposed,' as there is a failure, as they stand, in working up the climax.
105. *The Romans are but sheep*. 'Cato said that the Romans were like sheep, easier to drive in the flock than single'—Quoted by Bacon in *The Advancement of Learning*, Book viii, c. 1.
106. *Hinds*. Timid as female deer, with an equivocal for peasants.
114. *Answer must be made*—I must endure a state trial, and defend myself at it.
- 116, 117. *Such . . . that*. We should now say 'such . . . as.'
117. *Fleering*—mocking, jibing. See *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 59. Mosca, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, speaks of—
- 'Those  
With their court-dog tricks, that can fawn and flie;  
Make their revenues out of legs and faces,  
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth'—III, i, 20-23.
118. *Factionous . . . griefs*—ready to act concertedly . . . grievances. 'Be vigilant; sound the minds of the people; speak our common griefs; and, if you find partisans equally anxious as we are to seek redress, I shall be as forward in the cause as the most violent'—So Zachary Jackson in his *Shakespeare's Genius Justified*, p. 278, explains the phrase; but Coleridge understands it thus: 'You have spoken as a conspirator; be so in fact, and I will join you. Act on your principles, and realise them in a fact'—*Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare*, p. 132.
129. *In favour's*. So modern editors generally; but the folio 1623 reads *is favour*, where, perhaps, *ed* has been omitted.
143. *Prætor's chair*—*sella curulis*, the curule seat, on which, attended by his lictors, the *prætor urbanus* sat in his tribunal as a supreme judge every lawful day to transact public business.
144. *But*—only, alone, or certainly. It has, however, been suggested by G. L. Craik that this is a misprint for *best*, i.e., most readily.
152. *Pompey's theatre*. The Greek word *Θέατρον*, from which the

Latin *theatrum* and our theatre are derived, means a place for a spectacle or exhibition, not primarily a place for scenic or dramatic representations. This famous theatre, built by Pompeius Magnus on his return from the Mithridatic war, and its still more renowned public promenades, were situated in the Campus Martius of Rome, which is now called the Campo di Fiore, and is principally covered by the Palazzo Pio. It was the favourite resort of the Roman people for many centuries. It was the first permanent theatre Rome had. It was built partly on the model of one Pompey had seen in Mitylene. Except the *scena*, it was erected of stone, and adorned here and there with fine statues, chosen and arranged by Atticus, a man of acknowledged taste in these matters. It could accommodate 40,000 people, and was first opened B.C. 55.

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

12. *General*—the community, the people. See Hamlet's 'caviare to the general,' II, ii, 453, and in *Measure for Measure*—

' Even so

The general, subject to a well-wished king,  
Quit their own post, and with obsequious fondness,  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence'—II, iv, 26-30.

19. *Remorse* frequently signifies pity in Shakespeare; but here, we think with Benjamin Heath, it 'signifies the conscious uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling nothing hath so great a tendency as absolute uncontrolled power.'
21. *Proof*—experience, as in *Cymbeline*, I, vi, 70; III, iii, 27.
- 22-27. *Lowliness* is . . . *did ascend*. In Samuel Daniel's *Historie of the Civil Warres*, 1602, a similar sentiment occurs:

' The aspirer once attained unto the top,  
Cuts off these meanes by which himself got up;  
And with a harder hand and straighter rein,  
Doth curb that looseness he did find before;  
Doubting the occasion like might serve againe;  
His own example makes him fear the more.'

34. *In the shell*. 'It is impossible not to feel the expressive effect of the hemistich here: the line 'itself is, as it were, killed "in the shell"'—G. L. CRAIK.
42. *Calendar*. This was, of course, the Julian calendar, or that arrangement which Julius Cæsar had published by edict in the previous year (45 B.C., 708 A.U.C.). Each of the twelve months was divided into three portions, named respectively Calends, Nones, and Ides. The Calends—from *Calo*, I call, because immediately after the appearance of the new moon the

people were called together to be informed when the Nones would occur—marked the first day of the month, calculating the commencement of the day from the first appearance in the sky of the slender crescent of the new moon in the evening twilight; the Nones included the first quarter of the moon's course; the Ides, the period of full moon. From its fixation of the Calends, upon which all the other days depended, the table of Calends was called the Calendar.

66. *The genius*. 'In mediæval theology the rational soul is an angel, the lowest in the hierarchy, being clothed for a time in the perishing vesture of the body. But it is not necessarily an angel of light; it may be a good or evil genius, a guardian angel or a fallen spirit, a demon of light or darkness'—*Edinburgh Review*, July 1869, p. 98.

- 67-69. *The state of man . . . insurrection*. Compare *King John*:

'Nay, in the body of this fleshly lord,  
This kingdom, this confine of flesh and blood,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience and my brother's death'—IV, ii, 245-249.

70. *Your brother Cassius*. Cassius had married Junia, sister of M. Brutus.

77. *Faction*—a company of persons banded together for the attainment of a purpose.

83. *Path*. This is the word which occurs in the folio 1623. If it is here used for *walk* it must have a comma after it. Thomas Southernon, in his copy of the fourth folio, 1685, wrote in the margin *put*, and Coleridge suggested the same emendation. R. G. White thinks *have* or *hadst* might be the word, and this he supports by quoting a quarto of 1691, which prints *hath*. J. A. Heraud, in *Shakespeare: His Inner Life*, says, 'To me it is clear that the line contains two errors. It should have run:

"For if thou pall thy native semblance o'er."

Shakespeare had already used the verb to pall in the same sense in *Macbeth*:

"And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell."

The faces *buried* in their cloaks, suggests the image of the *pall*, and this again the allusion to *Erebus*' (pp. 369, 370).

85. *Prevention*—such detection as would lead to prevention.

99. *Night*—sleep, which is a function natural to night.

- 101-111. *Here . . . here*. 'This conversation is introduced with admirable skill. It shows the company with gentlemanly courtesy, giving proof that they were not listening to the discourse of the chiefs; besides presenting no appearance of embarrassment to any one not conversant with the enterprise. They naturally take as their topic the commonplace of the

- weather. But the high-wrought state of their minds puts a new meaning into everything, and interprets everything by the thought most active in the mind. "Casca means that the point of sunrise is as yet far to the south (of east), weighing (this is taking into account, or on account of) the unadvanced period of the year," as G. L. Craik observes. "But," he pertinently asks, "is there not some allusion which the look and tone of the speaker might express more clearly than his words, to the great act to be performed in the Capitol, and the change, as of a new day, that was expected to follow it?"—*English of Shakespeare*, p. 134.
104. *Fret*. From French *frétiller*, (1) to wear away, corrode; (2) carve out like a fretted roof; (3) to diversify, ornament.
117. *Idle*—unoccupied.
119. *Lottery*—the appointment of fate, the chance that may befall him. Steevens thinks this refers to selection by *lot* for decimation and a tithed death (*Timon of Athens*, V, iv, 31); but it more probably signifies by the chances of political life.
126. *Palter*—equivocate, shuffle. See *Macbeth*, V, viii, 20:  
 'That palter with us in a double sense.'
129. *Cautelous*—eager to possess legal securities (bonds, pledges, warranties, bail, etc.), craftily-cautious, timid and made wary by fear; in *Coriolanus*, IV, i, 33, it signifies deceitful.
135. *Or our cause or*. *Or* followed by *or* is frequently used in poetry for *either . . . or*.  
 'I do not doubt,  
 As I will match the aim, or to find both,  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again'  
 —*Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 149-151.
- 144-146. *Silver . . . purchase . . . buy*. 'Observe the play of words [by suggestive association] between silver and the following verbs *purchase* and *buy*'—REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.
- 150-152. *O name . . . begin*. The active mind of Brutus at once passes from the suggestion, break our plot to Cicero, to the consequence of such an act from Cicero's caution and egotism and their impetuosity—a quarrel—and reflecting that 'he that is of a proud heart stirreth up strife' (*Prov.* xxviii, 25), and that 'the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out waters: therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with' (*Prov.* xvii, 14), concludes, 'Don't let us quarrel with him, as we must do, if we inform him, for,' etc. Shakespeare must have gathered this finely discriminating touch from other sources than Plutarch.
167. *Spirit*—*animus*, the spiritual principle in human nature, as distinguished from *anima*, the principle of animal life; for the Romans felt there was a difference between '*anima atque animi natura*,' the vital principle and the nature of the soul as the seat of will and the former of purposes.



178. *Envious*—inspired by personal hate, malicious. Compare III, ii, 173, 'envious Casca;' *Romeo and Juliet*, 'envious thrust,' III, i, 173; 'envious plea,' *Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 278, etc.
187. *Take thought*—become subject to care, anxiety, melancholy. *Antony and Cleopatra*, 'think and die' (III, ii); *1 Sam.* ix, 5; *Matt.* vi, 25; *Phil.* vi, 6, 'careful.' The proverb runs, 'Care killed a cat,' though it had nine lives. 'He will die for sorrow and thought'—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. 'Hawis, an alderman of London, was put in trouble, and died with thought and anguish'—Bacon's *Henry VII.*, 1622 (p. 230).
192. *Clock*. 'This,' say the commentators, 'is one of Shakespeare's anachronistic licences or inadvertencies, [as] the use of clocks and watches was unknown to the Romans, though they had sundials, solaria, and *clepsydra* (contrivances resembling in principle our hour-glasses, but in which water was employed instead of sand), at the time to which this play refers. It is, however, quite evident that dramatic necessity, rather than either anachronism or inadvertency, induced Shakespeare to use an audible rather than a visible horologe.'
197. *Fantasy*—the appearance of things, conceits, imaginings. 'Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* (II, i, 65) is an imagination or appearance of a sight or thing which is not, as are those sights which men in their sleepe do thinke they see; but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deed'—Lavaterus *On Ghostes and Sprites*, 1572. See II, i, 231.
198. *Apparent*. This word takes from *appareo*, its root, the signification here of clear, evident, manifest, certain, and does not bear the modern meaning of 'seeming to be, not necessarily being,' as in *King John*:

'It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it'—IV, ii, 93, 94.

'As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion ought to be prevented'  
—*Richard III.*, II, ii, 131, 132.

200. *Augurers*. An *augur* was one who ascertained the will of the gods by certain signs, such as the flight and notes of birds, the feeding of the sacred fowls, unusual appearances in quadrupeds, lightnings, or strange occurrences in general. The members of the college of augurs or augurers, which consisted of nine persons who filled up vacancies in their fraternity as they occurred, held their office for life. They were not necessarily priests, and they possessed notable political influence. The old grammarians derive the word from *avis*, a bird, and *gero*, I bear or manage.

It was a firm belief among the Romans, as among all the nations of antiquity, that the gods did, by certain signs and tokens, give man the opportunity of learning their will. The explanation of these signs was reduced to a system, which it was the duty of the augurs to examine, study, and transmit.

204. *That unicorns . . . trees.* Similarly Spenser tells us Guyon eluded Pyrochles:

'Like as a lyon whose imperial powre  
A prowde, rebellious unicorn defyes,  
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre  
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,  
And when, him roaming in full course he spyes,  
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast  
His precious horn, sought of his enimyes,  
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,  
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast'  
—*Faerie Queen*, II, v, 10-18.

205. *Bears with glasses.* See Somerville's *The Chase*, iii, 294-307.  
 16. *Elephants with holes.* Somerville also supplies an account of this stratagem in *The Chase*, iii, 266-286.  
 208. *Then most flattered.* 'It hath been well said [Plutarch's *De Adulatione et Amico*, xi] that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's selfe'—Bacon's *Essays*, 'Of Love,' edition 1612.  
 212. *To fetch.* There is here probably an equivoque intended. To fetch, in one sense, would signify, 'to bring him on his way with due attendance' (see *Henry V*, V, chorus, 28:

'Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;')

but in the other 'to execute our treachery on him.' See *Much Ado about Nothing*, I, i, 225:

'Claudius. You speak thus to fetch me in, my lord.'

225. *Let . . . purposes.* See *Macbeth*, I, v, 64-67.  
 230. *Honey heavy*—sweetly-oppressive—E. H. SEYMOUR.  
 250. *Humour.* The mood or state of the moment, accidental or exceptional condition, caprice, whim, etc. By the old physicians, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy were the four different moistures of the human body, and whichever of these predominated, determined the temper, the health, and the prevailing manners of men.  
 300. *A voluntary wound.* Valerius Maximus, in his *De Fortitudine*, iii, 15, gives an account of this hardihood of will.  
 308. *Charactery*—secret meaning of the marks or lines of care.  
 333, 334. *It sufficeth that Brutus leads me on.* Similarly Horace's

'Nil desperandum, Teucro duce et auspice Teucro'—*Carmina*, I, vii, 27.

('Nothing needs be despaired of, fear begone,  
While Teucer guides, and Teucer leads us on.')

## SCENE II.

12. *Vanquished*. In folio 1623, 'vanished.'
25. *Use*—wont, usual occurrence.
- 32, 33. *Cowards die . . . death but once*. The Earl of Essex, in a letter to Lord Rutland, says: 'As he which dieth nobly doth live for ever, so he that doth live in fear doth die continually.' Similarly John Marston in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613:
- 'A hundred times in life a coward dies.'
46. *Are*. Folio 1623 reads *heare*, perhaps for *were*.
67. *Greybeards*—a half-contemptuous term for *senators*, members of the deliberative body appointed at Rome to advise for the good of the state and take means for the safety of it. They were men whose wisdom was matured by age and experience, and bore the title of Fathers of the State; but Cæsar had himself vulgarised the senate by more than doubling its number during his fourth dictatorship.
76. *She dreamt*, etc. Valerius Maximus, in his *Exemplorum Memorabilium Libri Novem. De Somnis*, I, ii, mentions this dream: 'Calpurnia, the wife of the god-like Julius, father of his country, on the night which he last spent upon the earth, saw him, in her sleep, lying on her breast, stricken with many wounds; and terrified greatly by the horror of her dream, besought that he would refrain from going out next day to the meeting of the senate.' See also *Dion Cassius*, xliv, 17.
88. *Press*. Dr Hugh Blair thought that some lines had been lost between this line and the following one.
99. *Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams*. 'With Julius Cæsar Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heire-in-remainder, after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard to some ill presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arme out of his chaire, telling him he hoped he would not dismisse the senate til his wife had dreamed a better dreame. And it seemeth his favour was so greate, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippiques, calleth him *Venefica*, witch! as if he had enchanted Cæsar'—Bacon's *Essays*, 'Of Friendship,' 1625. This extract, perhaps, indicates how the scene was acted.
104. *Liabie*—bound, to be subject, servile—*King John*, ii, 490; *Pericles*, IV, vi, 179.
129. *Every like is not the same*. 'Like's an ill mark'—'Le vrai semblable n'est pas toujours le vrai.'

## SCENE III.

6. *Security gives way to conspiracy.* *Judges* xviii, 7-10. So in *Macbeth*, III, v, 32, Hecate declares that—

‘Security  
Is mortal’s chiefest enemy;’

and Hector, in *Troilus and Cressida* (II, ii, 14) urges that—

‘The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure.’

8. *Artemidorus.* There was a work published in 1606, entitled *Artemidorus: The Judgment or Exposition of Dreames.*
12. *Emulation*—malicious rivalry. See *Coriolanus*, I, i, 218; *Troilus and Cressida*, II, ii, 212. The word is now used in the good sense of ‘generous rivalry.’
14. *The fates*—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. The first spins the thread of human life, the second assigns its length, and the third snips it at the close. To them, both gods and men must submit; they are the divinities of the unavoidable.

## SCENE IV.

9. *Women to keep counsel.* Referring to the proverb, ‘A woman conceals what she does not know.’
22. *About the ninth hour.* ‘Observe how strongly Shakespeare marks the passage of time up to the moment of Cæsar’s death; night [I, iii, 163], dawn [II, i, 101], eight o’clock [II, ii, 114], nine o’clock, that our suspense may be heightened and our interest kept upon the strain’—Prof. Edward Dowden’s *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, p. 295.

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

1. *Capitol. The senate sitting.* According to Dion Cassius (xliv, 52), the senate was assembled in the curia which Pompey had built. The temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus at Rome, so called because a human head (*caput*) was turned up while digging the foundations, was situated on the southern summit of the Mons Capitolinus. The Rev. John Hunter, M.A., remarks that ‘it is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare has departed from the truth of history in making the Capitol, instead of the curia of Pompey, the scene of Cæsar’s murder.’ The plainest probability seems to be, that when people talked of Rome, the Capitol rose most readily in their minds; and Shakespeare having to deal dramatically with his subject, chose the Capitol, because around it the greater

and grander associations relative to Rome were clustered. This error, however, is not Shakespeare's only; it is as old as Chaucer's time, at any rate; for in *The Monke's Tale* to the Canterbury pilgrims we read:

'This Julius [Cæsar] to the Capitoile wente  
Upon a day as he was wont to goon;  
And in the Capitoile anoon hym hente  
This fals Brutus and his other foon,  
And stiked hym with boydekyns anoon  
With many a wounde, and thus they let hym lye;  
But never gront he at no strook but oon,  
Or els at two, but if the storye lye'—712-719.

37. *Couchings*. Compare—'Issachar is a young ass couching down between two burdens'—*Gen.* xlix, 14. Hanmer and Collier's MS. Corrector suggest 'crouchings,' and Dr Craik agrees with them. However, this word, from Fr. *coucher*, 'to lie,' was formerly employed with the same meaning, e.g., in *The Mirror of Magistrates*:

'The majesty that kings to people beare,  
The stately porte, the awful cheere they shoue,  
Doth make the meane to shrinke and couch for fear'—Fol. 260b.

- 48, 49. *Know, Cæsar . . . satisfied*. J. O. Halliwell remarks, folio *Shakespeare*, vol. xiii, p. 375: 'The text [of this play] appears to be, on the whole, a reliable one; but that some liberties have been taken with it, may be surmised from the fact of the well-known passage ridiculed by Ben Jonson being altered in the printed copy,' 1623. He then rightly observes: 'If *wrong* is taken in the sense of *injury* or *harm*, as Shakespeare sometimes uses it (1 *Henry IV*, I, v, 101; IV, vii, 50; *Cæsar*, III, i, 170, etc.), there is no absurdity in the line.' This will more specially appear if we interpret 'just cause,' as in *A Winter's Tale*, V, i, 61, as signifying sufficient reason. The original *Oxymoron* may be compared with those used, 2 *Cor.* vi, 8-10, and *Matt.* xvi, 25.

Professor Craik suggests that the passage was changed in deference to Ben Jonson's criticism. 'This is very possible,' J. R. Lowell remarks; 'but we suspect that the pen that blotted them was in the hand of Master Heminge or his colleague. The moral confusion in the idea was surely admirably characteristic of the general who had just accomplished a successful *coup-d'état*, the condemnation of which he would fancy that he read in the face of every honest man he met, and which he would therefore be for ever indirectly palliating'—*Among my Books*, p. 152, note. But is not this really a boast modelled on Cæsar's favourite quotation from Euripides, 'If any violation of the law is excusable, it is excusable for the sake of gaining sovereign power' (quoted by Cicero in his *De Officiis*, iii, 21); and is it not precisely paralleled in form by—

'Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he?'—II, ii, 44.

Dyce, Halliwell, Ingleby, etc., all agree that the passage should be *restored* from Ben Jonson's hints, and be printed thus:

'*Cæsar.* Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

*Metellus C.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

*Cæsar.* Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,  
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.'

60. *Pray* should probably be *sway*.

78. *Et tu, Brute?*—'Thou also, O Brutus!' 'The only ancient authority, I believe, for this famous exclamation is in *Suetonius*, i, 82, where Cæsar is made to address Brutus, *Kal σὸ τέκνον* ("And thou too, my son")!—G. L. Craik's *English of Shakespeare*, p. 190. The Latin word *Brutus* means 'senseless,' 'stupid.' This phrase has been turned into a play upon words in *Hamlet*, where, when Polonius boasts, 'I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me,' Hamlet says, punningly, if not pungently, 'It was a Brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there!'

'The poet has in a wonderful manner put in the mouth of the falling Cæsar, at sight of Brutus, the Latin words *Et tu, Brute?* to give greater emphasis to the painful surprise of his fatherly friend, who would never have expected to have seen Brutus among his murderers'—Gervinus' *Shakespeare Commentaries*, p. 707.

81, 231, 252. *Pulpits*. The rostra from which the Roman orators addressed the public assemblies. The elevated platform, at the south side of the lower forum, adorned with naval trophies, beaks of ships, etc. (hence its name *Rostra*), won from the Antiates (B.C. 338). Beneath these rostra, at the funeral of any great public character, the *pompa funeris*, or funeral procession, after having been marshalled into the Forum by a designator, halted. Thereupon one of the relatives or admirers of the deceased ascended the pulpit and delivered a panegyric eulogy (*solemnis laudatio*) on the person about to be interred. See III, ii, 62, where it is called 'the public chair.'

85. *Go to the pulpit, Brutus*. 'We have now taken leave of Casca; Shakespeare knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult'—S. W. SINGER.

87. *Mutiny*—uproar, tumult, commotion.

90. *Cheer*—from the Italian, *Citra* (*ishera*), countenance, appearance, look. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 96:

'All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer.'

103. *Cas.* *Casca* in folio 1623; modern editors make it *Cassius*.
113. *Wash.* This Anglo-Saxon verb, like the German *waschen*, originally implied to immerse in, to dip into, or to cover over with liquid. We yet say *washed* with gold, silver, etc. Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, V, i, 28, 'Tidings to wash the eyes of kings;' *Coriolanus*, I, 10, 27, 'Wash my fierce hand in his heart,' etc.
119. *Knot*—band, confederacy.
145. *To friend*—for or as a friend—*Cymbeline*, I, iv, 116.
150. *O mighty Cæsar!* This scene seems to have impressed itself distinctly on Shakespeare's mind. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, i, 55-57.
154. *Rank*—distempered, and requiring to be bled.
159. *I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard.* Compare—'I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye' (*Antony and Cleopatra*, II, iv, 78); 'A south mist blow on ye, and blister you all o'er' (*Tempest*, I, ii, 324); in which cases the accusative or objective *you* being unemphatic, is represented by the nominative form *ye*. *Ye*, however, though the proper nominative, is most commonly used in the writers of Shakespeare's time in rhetorical phrases, and *you* in logical ones.
- 'You taught me how to know the face of right,  
And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome'—*King John*, V, ii, 91-93.
162. *Apt to die*—ready. See *Othello*, II, i, 190:
- 'If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy.'
164. *By . . . by*—beside . . . through means of.
173. *Fire drives out fire.* Compare *Coriolanus*, IV, vii, 54; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, iv, 192, 193; *Romeo and Juliet*, I, ii, 46-51; and *King John*, III, i, 277, 278.
176. *Strength of malice.* Capel proposed to read, 'no strength,' etc. Dr Badham, 'our arms unstring their,' etc. Collier changed *malice* to *welcome*. Singer suggested *amitie*. Probably the word written with the *t* unstroked was set by the printer *malice*, and passed uncorrected. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we have:
- 'That which is the *strength of their amity*'—II, vi, 137;  
'I'll wrestle with thee in my *strength of love*'—III, ii, 61.
- Dr Ingleby regards Singer's as a most excellent, or, as he phrases it, a 'palmarian emendation'—*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 115.
182. *Beside themselves*—mad, frantic. *Acts* xxvi, 24, 25.
206. *Bayed*—close beset, hemmed in, as a stag by bloodhounds, when its state is desperate, and it is at bay.
230. *Produce*—bring forward; carry along.

234-237. *Do not consent . . . utter?* 'The real patriot is here,' as Francis observes, finely 'distinguished from the pretended one. Brutus, conscious that he struck for liberty alone, suspects no ill consequences from Antony's having the Rostrum; while Cassius, who acted from malevolence and ambition, rightly forebodes the true event.'

273- *Até*. 'The word *ἀτὴ*, connected with the verb *ἄδω*, properly means *harm, scath*; but there is generally coupled with it the idea of moral guilt, at least of a certain recklessness, and, as it were, infatuation, which leads a man into a course of action which sober reason condemns, and which must infallibly end in ruin and misery. According to this idea, a Greek, acting under the influence of *Até*, as Eteocles does in the *Seven against Thebes* of Æschylus, is very much in the same moral state as the man who is styled *fey*—a Scottish expression meaning the state of those who are driven on to their ruin by the strong impulse of some irresistible necessity'—John S. Blackie's *Iliad*, vol. iv, 253. It is from Æschylus, who uses her name often in his tragedies, that Shakespeare probably took his idea of this impersonation of fated mischief; but Homer's view is specific enough to interpret this passage:

'A power divine makes mortal sorrows flow—  
Jove's awful daughter *Até* opens the cursed sluice of woe.  
Light are her feet; on lowly ground no steps her march declare,  
Above the heads of men she floats, and sows with harm the air.'

'This Homeric goddess [*Iliad*, ix, 503, and xix, 91] had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination. In *Much Ado about Nothing* (II, i, 263), Benedick, inveighing to Don Pedro against the Lady Beatrice, says, "You shall find her the infernal *Até*, in good apparel." In *King John* (IV, i, 63), John's mother, Queen Elinor, is described by Chatillon as "an *Até* stirring him to blood and strife;" and in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V, ii, 694), Biron, at the representation of the Nine Worthies, calls out, "More *Atés*! more *Atés*! stir them on, stir them on." Where did Shakespeare get acquainted with this divinity, whose name does not occur, I believe, in any Latin author?'—G. L. CRAIK.

275. *Havoc*—from Anglo-Saxon *hafoc*, destruction. To cry *havoc* in battle was to give the word to kill and give no quarter, inflict unsparing destruction.

*Ib.* *The dogs of war.*

'Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire'—1 *Henry VI*, IV, ii, 11.

So in the chorus to *Henry V*, Act I, Shakespeare says, if he could fill the stage as he would have it,

'Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the post of Mars; and, at his heels,  
Leashed-in, like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,  
Crouch for employment'—3-8.



280. *Cæsar . . . Rome.* Octavius Cæsar was pursuing his studies at Apollonia, in Illyricum, at the time of the dictator's death, and was about nineteen years of age.
294. *The market-place—the Forum Romanum,* which occupied the low ground extending from the Capitoline Hill towards the low ridge of the Velia. It was about 224 yards in length by 68 in breadth near the Capitoline, and 36 near the Velia.

## SCENE II.

21. *Had you rather Cæsar, etc.* 'It is noticeable that at this point Brutus' speech, which began in prose, if not actually verse, hovers on the brink of verse'—Dowden's *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, p. 301.
72. *Friends, Romans, countrymen, etc.* This speech for terse energy, skill of conception and construction, flow of language, and dexterity of management, is one of the most masterly pieces of eloquence in any language. Besides the notices of this speech in Plutarch's *Brutus* and *Antonius*, Dion Cassius supplies a lengthy declamatory speech as that of Antony's, with which the student should compare Shakespeare's artful artlessness. In Appian's *Civil Wars* (ii, 144-146) a speech is given to Antony, which is rather more characteristic of the triumvir than Dion's version. While reading Shakespeare's speech of Antony, we require to observe the different characters among the citizens, the changes in their humours, and Antony's clever management of them at every turn. This will enable us to perceive the special merits of the oration as it proceeds. In the beginning studious praise of Brutus and the rest, intermingled with a loose hint uttered, as it were, by inadvertence, conciliates to himself the attention of his hearers. Then, when he has cajoled them into sympathy, and warmed them with the fire of his own passion, he feels stronger and waxes confident. While preserving the self-same form of words of praise, how effectively, by the adoption of a sly ironical tone, does he transform laudation into contempt! His adroit use of the mantle, and the by-the-way mention he makes of one of Cæsar's greatest achievements, his tantalising use of the will, and his unbaring of the dead corpse of the dictator, are admirable. The manner in which he progresses from apology to defence, from defence to attack, from attack to accusation, from accusation to denunciation, and from denunciation to the stimulation of rage and indignation till mischief's afoot, is matchless within the same limits of space in any literature. With what leonine force is the sentence uttered in which Brutus is wholly overwhelmed in the passion of the hour!
74. *The evil that men do lives after them.* 'The word here propounded is of very high antiquity. The prophet Jeremiah

(xvii, 1 and 13) set forth most forcibly what Shakespeare says: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond: it is graven upon the table of their heart, and upon the horns of your altars." And the writing in water, or in the dust, is in the very spirit of the declaration, "They that depart from me shall be written in the earth" (i.e., the first wind that blows over them shall efface their names); "because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters"—*Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, by Henry Green, M.A., p. 458. See also *Henry VIII*, IV, ii, 45, 46. The Latin proverb ran, 'Scribit in marmore læsus'; and Whitney, in his *Choice of Emblems*, 1586, thus moralises it:

'In marble hard our harms we alwayes grave,  
Because wee still will bear the same in minde;  
In duste, we writte the benefittes we have,  
Where they are soone defaced with the winde:  
So, wronges wee houlde, and never will forgive,  
And soone forget what still with us should live'—p. 183.

171. *Nervii*. North translates it Nervians (*Life of Caesar*, c. 20), a powerful, warlike people in Belgic Gaul, of German origin. Caesar describes the total defeat inflicted on them, B.C. 57, in Books ii and v of his *Commentaries*. The Scheldt passed through a portion of their territory, and the present towns of Cambray and Tournay have now supplanted their chief city Bagacum. See Merivale's *Rome*, i, p. 327.
181. *Most unkindest*. A hyperbolical double superlative. *Psalms* xli, 9; lv, 12-14.
186. *Even at the base of Pompey's statua*. These are nearly the words of Cicero: 'In curia Pompeii, ante ipsum Pompeii simulacrum'—'In Pompey's hall, before the very statue of Pompey.' This splendid colossus, fifteen palms high, a representation of Pompey, was discovered in the street Lentari, not far from the theatre. In Halliwell's folio *Shakespeare*, vol. xiii, p. 448, this statue, which he saw in an ante-chamber of the palace Spada in 1858, has been sketched by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.
- Ib. Statua*. The folio has *statue*. Thomas Heywood, in his *Troja Britannica*, prints *statuë* with a diæresis to show that it was a trisyllable; but *statua* was a form of the word which, both in Shakespeare's 'days and long thereafter, was common not only in verse, but in the most vulgar prose' (Dyce).
221. *Dumb mouths*. This phrase, which Antony has already used (III, i, 262), is similar in suggestion to that in a black-letter play of 1599, *A Warning to Faire Women*, from which Malone quotes:

'I gave him fifteen wounds,  
Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me;  
In every wound there is a bloody tongue  
Which will all speak, although he hold his peace.'

226. *Stones of Rome . . . mutiny*. See *Habakkuk* ii, 11.

239. *Drachmas*. The Greek *drachma* was a small coin about equal in value to the Roman *denarius*, sevenpence sterling. *Luke* xv, 8.
246. *On this side Tiber*. So it is given in North's *Plutarch*, 'on this side of the river Tiber' (*ante*, p. 25), but it should be 'on *that* side Tiber,' for Cæsar's gardens, as Horace tells us:

'Trans Tiberim longe cubat is; prope Cæsaris hortos'—*Sermonum*, I, ix, 18,  
lay beyond Tiber, speaking from the Forum, *i.e.*, where the Temple of Fortune was subsequently built.

#### ACT IV.—SCENE I.

1. *A room in Antony's house [at Rome]*. In the original folio no scene is stated; but from lines 7 and 11 it is plain that, perhaps as some slight concession to the unities of place, this meeting is represented as taking place in Rome.

'In this act, Brutus and Cassius are surrounded by an entirely new set of names: the conspirators Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, have all vanished with the third act; and in their places there enter the faithful Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Pindarus, and Strato, who all appear in this act for the first time. . . . Perhaps Shakespeare felt that the conspirators were not generally of such stuff as soldiers are made of, and he needed soldiers, brave and faithful, in the battles and death-scenes of Brutus and Cassius'—REV. D. MATTHIAS, M.A.

'Cæsar was slain (15th March 44 B.C.) in 707 (A.U.C.), and this meeting of leaders occurred in 709. In the interval there had been violent dissensions between the friend of Julius Cæsar and his nephew. Their quarrels had reference to Cæsar's property, to which (subject to the bequest to the Roman people) Octavius was heir; as well as to questions of political power. Cicero, the advocate of republican principles, had taken part against Antony. At the point of time selected by Shakespeare for renewing the narrative, Antony and Octavius were acting together as friends, having associated with them Lepidus, who had the command of an army in Gaul, and had sided with Antony'—Thomas P. Courtenay's *Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*, vol. ii, p. 247.

- 1, 16. *Pricked*—nominated by mark or puncture of the *stilus* (for proscription). The word and custom is still in use in the annual form of pricking as sheriffs.
2. *Your brother*—Paulus.
4. *Publius*. This is a mistake: the person proscribed was Lucius Cæsar, uncle of Mark Antony, being his mother's brother; hence Upton proposed to read:

'You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.'

6. *Damn*—doom, condemn. *With a spot*—by a mark.
12. *A slight, unmeritable man*, etc. What a masterly painting in miniature of this feeble man, though something of a soldier, who had quite the spirit of a subordinate, as is plain from the notices of him in Plutarch's *Lives of Caesar, Brutus, Antony*, etc. See *infra*, 19-40.
13. *Errands*. Not from Latin *errandus*, but from Saxon *aerende*, a message, something to be told (or done) by a messenger.
14. *The three-fold world*. See also 'the three-nooked world'—*Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, vi, 6. In Shakespeare's birth-year (1564), John Sambucus, a Hungarian 'physician, antiquary, and poet,' published his *Emblemata cum aliquot nummis Antiquis*, in which he gives (p. 115) 'Symbols of the inhabited earth.' He includes in this map only Europe, Asia, and Africa, whose capes, Gibraltar, Malacca, and Good Hope, constitute the three corners of the earth.
17. *Proscription*—outlawry and confiscation proclaimed against a person, by inserting his name in a notice posted up in some public place. 'There fell in the terrible and merciless massacre no fewer than 2000 knights and 300 senators'—R. W. Brown's *History of Rome*, p. 215.
18. *I have seen more days than you*. See Act IV, iii, 132.
21. *As the ass bears gold*. Similarly the Duke in *Measure for Measure* says:

'Like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey'—III, i, 26.

40. *A property* in the technically logical sense, as that which is necessarily joined to different species or individuals, while not constituting any part of their essence; secondary and dependent, not specific and essential.
41. *Listen*. 'Listen' is in modern usage an intransitive verb. Shakespeare employs it transitively in 'Listen our purpose' (III, i, 12, *Much Ado about Nothing*); 'Listening their fear' (*Macbeth*, II, ii, 28), etc. In *Richard II*, II, i, 9, he uses 'is listened.' In all these cases *to* may be understood.

## SCENE II.

- 2, 33. *Give the word*—the password, watchword—*Henry V*, IV, vi, 38. See in this play, V, iii, 5, and v, 4.
28. *Sardis*. Once the capital of Lydia, and one of the oldest and most famous of the cities of Asia Minor, Sardis stood at the north foot of Mount Tmolus and the golden-sanded river Pactolus. It is now entirely destroyed, and its site a desolation.
- 50, 52. *Lucilius*. So it stands in the old copies; but, as G. L. Craik observed, 'nothing can be clearer than that Lucilius in

the first line is a misprint for Lucius, and Lucius in the third is a misprint for Lucilius.' See IV, iii, 139.

## SCENE III.

2. *Lucius Pella*. Of Lucius Pella nothing more seems to be known. His being 'condemned and noted' involved the civil disability of *Infamia*; that is, it entailed loss of vote and ineligibility to public offices.
10. *Itching palm*—a covetous desire for gold, as we say 'itching ears' (2 *Tim.* iv, 3), and speak of an itch for praise, etc.
27. *A dog, and bay the moon*. In Beza's *Icones*, 1581, the twenty-second emblem is a dog barking foolishly at the undisturbed moon; and similar pictures occur in *Alciat*, 1581, with the motto *Inanis impetus*, 'a vain attack'; and in Whitney, who explains it in the following, among other, lines:
- ' By shining light of wannish Cynthia's raies  
The dogge behouldes his shaddowe to appeare;  
Wherefore in vaine aloud he barks and baies,  
And alwayes thoughte another dogge was there;  
But yet the moone, who did not heare his queste,  
Hir woonted course dide keepe unto the weste'—p. 212.
30. *I am a soldier, I, Older in practice*. Antony says of Brutus:
- ' He alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war'—*Antony and Cleopatra*, III, xi, 38-40.
70. *Certain*—particularly known, but unspecified. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
- ' They take the flow of the Nile  
By certain scales in the Pyramid'—II, vii, 21, 22.
- ' I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,' etc.  
—*Tempest*, V, i, 54, 55.
92. *Olympus*—the eastern part of the range of mountains between Macedonia and Thessaly, forming the northern wall of the Vale of Tempe. It is nearly 9700 feet in height. Its chief summit, which is covered with perpetual snow, is, in the Greek mythology, the abode of the gods. See III, i, 75.
98. *Conned by rote*. *Cunнан*, to know by the exercise of innate ability, is the root of can, ken, con, cunning, etc. *Rota*, a wheel, gives rote, routine, etc. 'Conned by rote' signifies committed to memory by incessant repetition of the same act, like that of the turning of a wheel.
102. *Plutus*—the god of wealth, son of Jasion and Demeter.
114. *Mirth and laughter*. See 49.
- 131, 132. *Love . . . than ye*. The line which Marcus Favonius quoted with mock solemnity, and which is here freely translated, occurs in the *Iliad*, i, 259. We subjoin the passage probably quoted, in Professor J. S. Blackie's lively version:

'Old Priam's heart may blithely beat, and sing each Trojan man  
When he shall learn that ye in brawls do spend your valorous mettle,  
Whom first we prize in counsel wise, and first in clash of battle.  
Be ruled by me; for ye are both by many summers younger:  
And, soothly, I my strength did try with mightier men and stronger  
Than here I see, nor dared the best to slight wise rede from me'

—Homer and *The Iliad*, vol. ii, p. 15.

137. *Jigging*—rhyme-jinglers. Jig meant a musical or a metrical composition, as well as a dance.
138. *Companion*. Comes, companion, was an attendant, fellow.
146. *Accidental*—casual, fortuitous.
167. *Call in question*—make inquiry about, take into consideration.
172. *Philippi*—a celebrated city near Amphipolis, on the river Strymon, founded by Philip of Macedon, on the site of an old town called Crenides, or the Little Springs. It is situated on a steep height of Mount Pangæus.
- 192-194. *We must die . . . now*. So 'Anaxagoras, the [Clazomenæan] philosopher and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and, after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection couched in three words—"ἦδew θνητὸς γεννητὸς" (I knew they were mortal)'—Goldsmith's *Essays*, xiii, par. 7.
- 193, 194. *Once . . . now*—once, at some or other (uncertain) time . . . now, at the present time.
220. *There is a tide*, etc. In Chapman's *Bussy d'Amboise* the same idea is thus differently expressed:

'The rude Scythians  
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings  
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,  
Which if her favourite be not swift to take,  
He loses them for ever'—I, i, 115-119.

'There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel  
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes;

So no man rises by his real merit,  
But when it cries "click" in his raiser's spirit'—I, i, 136-142.

225. *We must take the current when it serves*. 'It is losse also in businesse to be too full of respects, or to be too curious in observing times and opportunities. Solomon saith, He that considereth the wind shall not sow, and he that looketh to the cloudes shall not reape. A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds'—Bacon's *Essays*, 'On Ceremonies and Respects,' 1612.
230. *Niggard*—supply sparingly. Probably the only passage in the language in which it is employed as a verb.
243. *O'erwatched*—worn out with duty requiring wakefulness. See *Lear*, II, ii, 177.
254. *The book I sought for so*. 'This is one of those charming touches of nature that abound in Shakespeare, and which, I believe, we shall seek in vain for in the works of any other

poet, where an incident is introduced wholly immaterial to the plot or conduct of the scene, yet perfectly congenial to the character of the agent, and illustrative of it. Here the sedate and philosophic Brutus, discomposed a little by the stupendous cares upon his mind, forgets where he had left his book' [E. H. SEYMOUR], and looks inquiringly for it, while it was in the pocket of his gown, with 'the leaf turned down'—in this last touch, giving a modern usage of readers of printed books, instead of the rolled volumes of ancient times.

281. *Angel*. . . . *devil*. See *Hamlet*, I, iv, 40.

282. *My hair to stare*—stand up. Compare *The Tempest*, I, ii, 213, 'The king's son, Ferdinand. with hair up-staring.'

#### ACT V.—SCENE I.

4. *Battles*—battalions; also line 16, *battle*. See V, iii, 107; *Henry V*, IV, iii, 69.
7. *Bosoms*—the place of their secret plans.
- 10-13. *Fearful bravery*. . . . *gallant show*—terror-striking showiness. Bravery is so used once in the Bible (*Isa.* iii, 15).
14. *Their bloody sign of battle*. Shakespeare adopted this from North's *Plutarch's Pompeius*, c. 68. 'Cæsar . . . quickly gave orders to hang out (*προβεῖναι τὸν φοινικὸν χιτῶνα*) in front of his tent the purple colours, which is the signal for battle.'
15. *Something*. Probably 'something's' for 'something is.'
19. *Exigent*—extremity. *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, xiv, 63.
21. *Parley*—'have some words'—line 25.
59. *Strain* (*strynan*, to beget)—race, lineage, generation. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, II, i, 394; *Henry V*, II, iv, 51; *Timon of Athens*, I, i, 259; and *Pericles*, IV, iii, 24.
64. *Defiance*. . . . *teeth*. A simile from the custom in the age of chivalry of casting down a glove as a pledge that the challenger would meet his foe.
76. *Epicurus* was born in the island of Samos 341 B.C., and died 270 B.C. Ethics, or the philosophy of conduct, was the chief aim of Epicurus. He taught that the greatest good of man, and that which he should mainly endeavour to attain, is pleasure. Pleasure is at once the starting-point and the end of happiness, and virtue is the means by which happiness is gained. The chief end of man is to be free from bodily and mental suffering, and to secure this, man must live prudently, decently, and uprightly. The advantage of the individual is the law of action, and hence suicide is, according to him, justifiable when the pain of living over-

balances the pleasure possible in it. There is no fate in the world (I, ii, 139-141), for self-determination is man's. This is the opinion which Cassius strongly held, but on which he now, taught by experience, changed his mind.

79. *Our former ensign.* "Former" is *fore*, *first*, or *chief*. Thus Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, "the former-teeth" (i.e., the fore-teeth), *dentes primores*. It is from the Anglo-Saxon *forma*, first'—S. W. SINGER.
- 100-107. *The rule of that philosophy . . . below.* According to the Stoics, the true object of the original vital instinct in our nature is self-conservation. Virtue, or the life according to right reason, does not render man insensible of pain, but makes him superior to it. Life, as it belongs to the class of things regarded by reason as indifferent, may be terminated by suicide as a rational means of putting an end to it. Cicero says: 'As to the man in whom there either is or appears likely to be a preponderance of things contrary to nature, that man's duty is [according to the Stoics] to emigrate from life'—*De Finibus*, iii, 18.
101. *Cato* (Uticensis) was a Stoic. He thought virtue was the highest good, and virtue he defined to be a life conformable to nature. *Courage*, discretion, and justice are the main characteristics of man, who is lord over his own life, and may lawfully bring it to an end when virtue has gone out of it.
105. *The time of life.* Dr Hugh Blair thought that between this phrase and the subsequent words some phrase had been dropped out, like—'On the contrary, true courage is seen in *arming*,' etc.

## SCENE II.

1. *Bills*—letters of instructions, general orders.

## SCENE III.

44. *Guide thou the sword.* Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., etc., Bishop of St Andrews, has directed attention to the likeness of the scenes 'between Cassius and Pindarus, and again between Brutus and Clitus first, then Volumnius, and lastly Strato (V, iii and v), to the circumstances of the death of Saul (1 Sam. xxxi)'—*Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible*, p. 78.
58. *Was*—emphatic, being an imitation of the Roman euphemism for he is dead; *vixit*, he has lived; he is done with life.
92. *Titinius' face is upward.* 'This passage shows that the practice of the stage to represent death by lying with the face upward is as old [at least] as the days of Shakespeare'—JOSEPH HUNTER.



## SCENE IV.

12. *I yield to die.* Dr Hugh Blair says: 'A line seems to be lost here to this purpose; as if the soldier had demanded—"Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?"'
- 21-25. *I dare . . . like himself.* See V, v, 59.

## SCENE V.

40. *Almost ended his life's history.* There is a fine mark of Shakespearian tact here. He knew that Brutus had in his early years studied the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato, both of whom taught that suicide, on any occasion, was a cowardly evasion and an irreligious act. He knew that he had blamed Cato severely for seeking death by his own hand, and hence Shakespeare refrains from making Brutus give any reason or excuse for his intended suicide. He shows him grief-worn and wearied, overcome by the apparent extremity of his affairs, and weakened by vigils and sleepless toil, sinking in spirit till he took the desperate and dismal course he did. It is deserving of remark that had not Cassius, in his hasty despair, resolved on self-destruction, he would have been made glad by tidings of the victory achieved by Brutus, and there would have been no occasion for his ignoble death, and less cause for the chagrin of Brutus. If even Brutus had maintained his philosophic fortitude for a single day longer, he would have heard that his camp, with fourteen thousand soldiers in it, was safe; and not long thereafter news would have reached him of the naval victory his forces had won. But murder required to be avenged, and the *manes* of Julius Cæsar were to be appeased, and hence Cassius the tempter fell, carrying out his previously-expressed vaunt, 'Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius' (I, iii, 90); and Brutus, once again misled by him, 'abridged his time of fearing death' (III, i, 106); so showing the truth of his own exclamation:

'O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet;  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
Into our own proper entrails'—V, iii, 93-95.

56. *For Brutus only overcame himself, and no man else,* etc.  
'Two causes concurred to render Roman history more tragic in this respect [suicide] than that of Greece. The first was the greater intensity of the Roman character, imposing on itself tasks, and arrogating to itself claims, in the pursuit of which Fortune was indeed despised, but in the failure of which the Nemesis was both swift and tremendous. The

magnitude of the theatre on which the Roman played his part, the grandeur of the issues involved in the various struggles, the consequent frequency of portentous crises in the national history, conspired to multiply the recurrence of tragic times, in which the proud spirit of the Roman, unlike the elastic spirit of the more supple Greek, refused to bend, and therefore could but break. The second cause which came to reinforce and sanction the tendency already native to the national character was the prevalence, during the most fervid and tumultuous period of Roman history, of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophies, both of which, although they had their origin in Greece, received their strongest historical impersonations from Rome; and although they differed in much, agreed in this, that each postulated for man liberty over his own life. Hence suicide became fashionable at Rome as the appropriate end, in certain circumstances, of a Roman citizen, and a 'Roman death' came to be another name for suicide'—W. D. Geddes' *Phædo of Plato*, note f, pp. 204-205.

75. *This was a man.* Compare *Hamlet*:

'He was a man, take him for all in all;  
I shall not look upon his like again'—I, ii, 191, 192.

'A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man'—III, iv, 60-62.

## ACT V.

Describe the interview between the rival generals at Philippi.

What determination did Brutus and Cassius come to in case they were defeated?

What were the results of the battle of Philippi?

Describe the deaths of (1) Cassius, (2) Titinius, (3) Cato, (4) Brutus.

What is the meaning of 'battles,' 'bosoms,' 'bravery,' 'parley,' 'strain'?

What were the doctrines of the Epicureans and the Stoics?

What opinions were held in Rome regarding suicide?

Quote three scriptural illustrations of Act V.

## GENERAL QUESTIONS.

Write brief biographies of Julius Cæsar, Cassius, Brutus, and quote passages from *Julius Cæsar* in which each is characterised.

Compare and contrast the opinions held by Shakespeare and Bacon regarding Julius Cæsar.

Give quotations from Bacon's writings illustrative of *Julius Cæsar*.

Draw out, in a tabular scheme, the passages in North's *Plutarch* and in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* which mutually illustrate each other.

Was the assassination of Julius Cæsar justifiable?

Give an outline of the literature of Julius Cæsar's story.

Compare the statements of Livy and the events in the play of Shakespeare.

Is Calpurnia or Portia the finer female character?

Was the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius advantageous or disadvantageous?

Is Brutus or Cæsar the chief character in this drama?

Does the play of *Julius Cæsar* prove or disprove Shakespeare's alleged deficiency in classical knowledge?

What lessons regarding life and conduct could be deduced from this play?

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